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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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VOL XXXIX NO 6
MAY 4 1907

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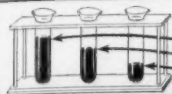
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* * * * *

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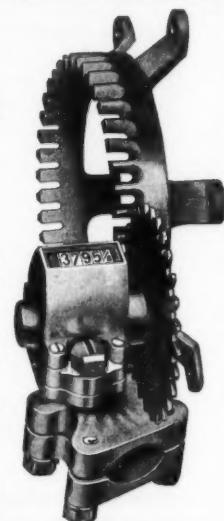
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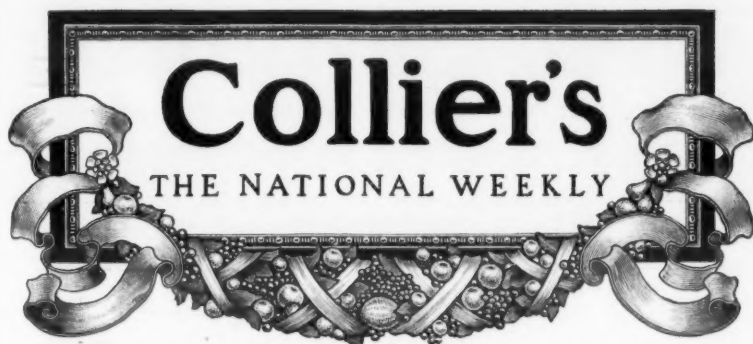
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907

THE QUIET HOUR. Cover Design	Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark	
MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK	Sketches in Color by W. J. Glackens	8
EDITORIALS		9
"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY . . ."	Cartoon by E. W. Kemble	12
"TAINTED NEWS"—II. The Subsidized Campaign Against Municipal Ownership	Illustrated with Documents	13
LIFE IN OUR TOWN		16
SCOTT BOHANNON'S BOND. Story	Grace MacGowan Cooke	18
	Illustrated by F. C. Ransom	
PEACE AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION	Samuel E. Moffett	20
PLAYS AND PLAYERS. Illustrated by Boardman Robinson	Arthur Ruhl	21
PHOTOGRAPHS		22
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING. Illustrated with Sketches by F. T. Richards		23

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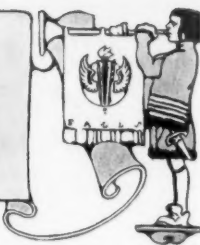


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SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907



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EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907

A Distinguished Smith

"Fate tried to conceal it by naming him Smith," but Captain John Smith helped to immortalize the name. He came within an ace of being the first distinguished foreigner to marry an American girl, and Pocahontas might have gone down to history as Mrs. Smith. She did the colonial village of Jamestown a great service by saving Captain John Smith from untimely extinction; and Jamestown, no longer a village, is showing its gratitude by the Tercentennial Exposition, where the navies of the seas and the markets of the lands are honoring the old romance. Collier's, taking a contemporary view of the case, will publish some interesting pictures next week showing President Roosevelt opening the great Tercentennial. Mr. Reuterdahl will contribute a page giving his impressions of the naval review at Hampton Roads, in which some of the most magnificent killing-machines of modern times were represented.

Idaho Next Week

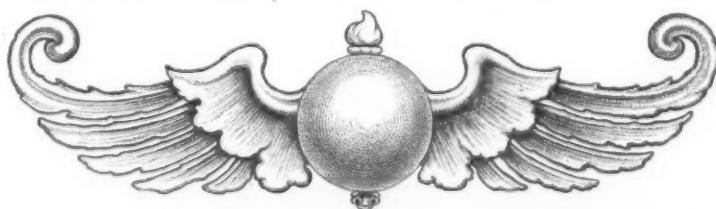
"The gaze of the world is upon Idaho," begins C. P. Connolly in his first Moyer-Haywood article to appear in Collier's next week. The enlightened, as well as the unenlightened, Socialists of the world are watching the case "with keen suspicion." "To them the trials of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone are to be an epoch in the inevitable clash between Socialism and Capitalism." The first Connolly article deals with the social turmoil which led up to the tragedy.

Buzz!

In the Republican Interstate Favorite Son contest Ohio seems to be well to the fore in point of nervous activity, although the Tall Badger is burrowing over the Indiana border. Does Senator Foraker seriously believe himself to be a Presidential Probability? Do his aspirations go any further than a desire to spoil the President's choice without regard to race, color, or previous condition of political servitude? Mr. Foraker seems to be having a hard time of it for a Favorite Son. He controls a State political machine some of the cogs of which refuse to work under pressure. William H. Taft has found a great campaign manager in Brother Charles, and the magic sign "T. R." is doing the rest. Frederick Palmer will have an article on the Ohio situation soon.

Two Wives and Two Covers

Stephen French Whitman's \$1,000 prize story will be published in Collier's for May 18 and, to accompany the story, F. X. Leyendecker has drawn a cover for that issue representing one of the wives who make for the dramatic interest in Mr. Whitman's story. The wife whom Leyendecker has drawn is not the sodden, shapeless drudge who killed what little ambition her husband might have had. She is the radiant goddess of the sweeping draperies and ivory shoulders who appeared like a jewel in a setting of magnificence—appeared to the slovenly, pathetic Failure and bred a bitter class-hatred in his bosom. Harvey J. O'Higgins's story "The Clowns," which will appear in next week's issue, will serve as the motif for a circus cover by Louis Fancher. "The Clowns" is a story of circus realism wherein two clowns do battle for the hand of an equestrienne. The beginning of the tale threatens an "I Paggiacci" tragedy, but the catastrophe is averted by a comic wedding dinner where the bride went "ridin' through the dinner as neat as bareback and never comin' a tumble."



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The Stolen Crown



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W. S. S. S.

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Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A JUDGE IN NEW YORK recently endeavored to let off without punishment a man convicted of robbery, although the prisoner had been found guilty several times before. The reason for the judge's sympathy was that a Tammany district leader had stepped into court at the psychological moment and made known his wishes to the gentleman who occupied the sacred seat of judgment. Take a long stride, now, muse, and descend upon a flourishing city near where the muddy Missouri adds its waters to its mighty brother, whereupon together, as Father of Waters, they continue their majestic progress to the Gulf. St. Louis has not yet ceased to blush, with shame and disappointment, since, a few weeks gone, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, faithful Republican, with eager eye to retaining Missouri for the sacred party, appointed to the Federal bench a lawyer whose greatest reputation is for the non-payment of his debts. Too old for a judicial appointment, with no legal standing that could suggest such elevation, this unfortunate needed the place; Senator WARNER recommended him; the President, ever ready to make political chess-men of the judiciary, took one more step to increase the number of unworthy judges in America. When Mr. ROOSEVELT'S place in history is finally recorded, no glory will be added by the chapters which shall narrate the ruthless consistency with which he played his party game, to the greater degradation of a bench, his respect for which is BENJAMIN HARRISON'S worthiest memorial.

SENATOR FORAKER has always stood for his party. Secretary TAFT'S only appearance in Ohio politics was against Boss COX, who is as carefully regular as BOSS MURPHY of Tammany Hall. COX is "Republican" and MURPHY "Democratic." TAFT'S speech in Akron, in 1905, in which he said he would vote for the reform ticket in his home city, was a large factor in defeating the COX gang. According to the old standards of Stalwartism, he had committed political suicide, but such a change has public "hysteria" brought about in politics that four-fifths of the Ohio Republicans are for TAFT. FORAKER'S main support is DICK and the State Committee. The remains of the old Hanna machine are fighting in the last ditch. A Republican primary in Ohio next autumn would promote the evil which the new Ohio law setting the municipal and national elections on alternate years was intended to avoid. In Cleveland the reactionaries will not hesitate to profit by any means to defeat TOM JOHNSON. Boss COX will welcome any national issue or any confusion of issues in the Cincinnati campaign which will return him to power. Cincinnati heelers and plungers are hungry and determined. In both cities the fight will be stubborn and bitter. The question ought to be one of local government, dissociated from the Presidency as far as from the land question in Rumania.

OF ALL THE INCIDENTS of the recent drop in prices on the New York stock market, and the efforts to move the President to come in with some dramatic exhibition and put an end to the decline, none so sorely needs to be rescued from the oblivion that lies in wait for yesterday's events as the frantic telegram from New York to the White House, reading thus: "Our best families are being reduced to poverty." Surely nothing so bad as that could ever happen. Best families are never poor.

SENATOR PENROSE, just before Senator BOURNE'S dinner, had lately won a machine victory for Mayor of Philadelphia; last fall his machine had triumphed splendidly in the State

election. If he proclaimed to his fellow Harvard men that he held Pennsylvania in the hollow of his hand, the boast of pride may be forgiven between intimate companions laying their tribute of achievement at the feet of the proud maternal college. If PENROSE argued that Pennsylvania, being the banner Republican State, must control the national convention, is there not some accepted logic there? If he said: "I'm as big a man as MATT QUAY ever was," was he not harmonious with the spirit of the occasion? When he added: "I can control a campaign fund of five million dollars," that was perilous ground, but natural in sequence and progression. His concluding remark that "We're going to nominate a conservative; meanwhile, we're jollying TEDDY along"—that has already been characterized by an expert in the criminal laws relating to conspiracy. The additional detail, that during the evening he offered twenty-five thousand dollars each to two of his fellow diners, for their State delegations, makes more embarrassing any attempt to deny the story. Perhaps, moreover, PENROSE is more weakly afraid of Psalm cxvi. 11 than some statesmen are. But this narrative can be taken as authentic. To the historian of a hundred years ahead, busied in explaining the political movements of a nation, we contribute these facts and warrant them.

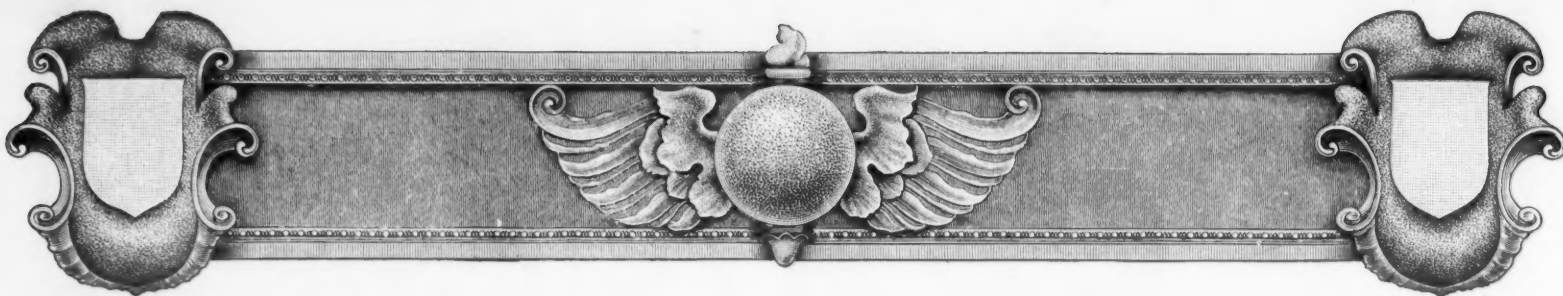
WE WRITE
A HISTORY

A WESTERN READER calls COLLIER'S to account for saying that the traction ordinances "bring municipal ownership nearer than ever in Chicago." He adds that the above constitutes an unfortunate statement, because it is not true. The remark which our friend struggled manfully to quote was this: "Although the result of the Chicago election is described as a defeat for municipal ownership, it really brings municipal ownership nearer than in any other important city in the country, with the possible exception of Cleveland." The point of our comparison was not between Chicago with and Chicago without the traction ordinances, although the word "bring" did, no doubt, imply a belief (which still exists) that the possibility, however slight or great, had been brought nearer by the ordinances. On that men will differ. The decision on the Mueller certificates does not impair the opinion. Our real comparison, however, was between Chicago with the traction ordinances and the other cities with their public-service corporations intrenched behind long-term or perpetual franchises. Is there disagreement with that statement? While we watch Chicago developments an occasional gabfest will do no harm.

CHICAGO AND
THE OTHERS

MAKING PEACE WITH AN AX is diminishing in popularity among modern rulers. With the ancients, however, the above means seemed to be the only kind that really counted. CÆSAR, after laying waste a Gallic province, reported in his gentlemanly Latin: "The barbarians are pacified." It is related that a Gothic ruler once became converted to the Christian faith. After mourning for some weeks over the blindness of his people he called a general conference of his chiefs. At his right hand stood a missionary, at his left hand a gigantic executioner who held a broadax suggestively resting on the block. "Friends," said the king, "I have brought you here this morning in order to teach you the great truths of Christianity." Religious enlightenment came easy in that state. These events occurred before the principles of arbitration were understood. The aim of our modern Peace Conferences is to teach the spirit of tranquillity to the individuals who form the units of the nation. The number is increasing of those who have the most definite and conclusive reasons for believing that righteousness and peace should go hand in

PEACE



hand. The world needs peace. There is plenty of room for a pacific doctrine on the German frontier, as well as on the Nevada border, where the miner said to the sheriff: "I reckon there would 'a' been trouble if I hadn't shot the guy."

HOW SENATES EVERYWHERE act as checks upon the more popular chamber has been well enough illustrated during the last session in New Jersey. Among the measures which passed the House, and came to their death in the upper chamber were: a bill taxing railroad property at local rates; a corrupt practises act; a bill providing for personal registration; a bill providing for popular elections of United States Senators, copied from the Oregon act; a public utilities commission bill, and a bill separating State and National from municipal elections. Some of the conservatism which marks our upper houses is of value, but there is something typical in the fact that no bill in any way affecting corporations (with one weak exception) passed the New Jersey Senate, in spite of the efforts of Senator COLBY, and in spite of the spirit of the Assembly. Corporation control is particularly complete in Jersey by reason of the "rotten borough" system, by which each county has one Senator, whether it be Hudson, with 450,000 persons, or Cape May, with 17,000.

JERSEY SENATORS

THE PURITANS ARE REVERED partly because they were so diligent in recording their good deeds. They were untiring keepers of records and diaries, their sermons were long, and were written down, and their town-meetings, dividing up budgets pitifully small, always made provision for keeping the town records. The Cavaliers were less given to recording or to written analysis. Perhaps they were not so confident of their spelling. At least their records, their sermons, their expressions of zeal for God and country, are fewer. At a hundred New England Society dinners every year, a hundred orators who boast of Puritan blood, taking their text from COTTON MATHER or Governor BRADFORD's diary, assure us that the one thing that saves us yet is the thin stream of Puritan blood in the foreign ocean. A Jamestown Exposition comes but once in three centuries; it is well to seize the occasion and to make the most of it.

JAMESTOWN

MANUAL LABOR LOSES its primitive coarseness when brought in close touch with the refining influences of the tea-table. Bishop POTTER sought to uplift the toiling thousands by coaxing them to a saloon; Mrs. HARRIET STANTON BLATCH and others believe they can more safely elevate the masses by inviting them to a parlor. The ladies of the Women's Trade Union League recently asked the members of various New York trade-unions to take tea with them at 220 Fifth Avenue. The affair was given at ten in the evening, but the auspices were otherwise fashionable. A representative of the Boilermakers' Union, parting the tails of his evening coat, occupied an Empire chair, and as he accepted his tea from the hand of the fair hostess he said:

"The trouble with the boys in our union is that they're mostly all knockers—one lump in mine, please." A member of the Bakers' Union chatted easily with the lady nearest him on the unlimited coinage of dough—"No, thanks, no cream in mine," he added. Mrs. BLATCH spoke at some length on the advantages of Parlor Socialism over the old-fashioned or sidewalk variety. Soft-footed waiters, meanwhile, passed bonbons and violet macaroons among the guests. This performance reminds us, in a general way, of the recent attempt of a wealthy woman of Chicago to "erase the social line" by inviting blue-jeans and broadcloth to mingle in her Lake Shore mansion:

DRAWING-ROOM DEMOCRACY

The text of her sequel
Was "All men are equal"
(No compliment ever was subtler).
They liked it, no doubt,
For when they passed out
They all shook hands with the butler.

FEW MEN HAVE DONE well by their communities as often, as consistently, and as successfully as Mayor HENRY L. HIGGINSON. His words on questions of the day must have weight with all who know his past. Speaking to a collection of college

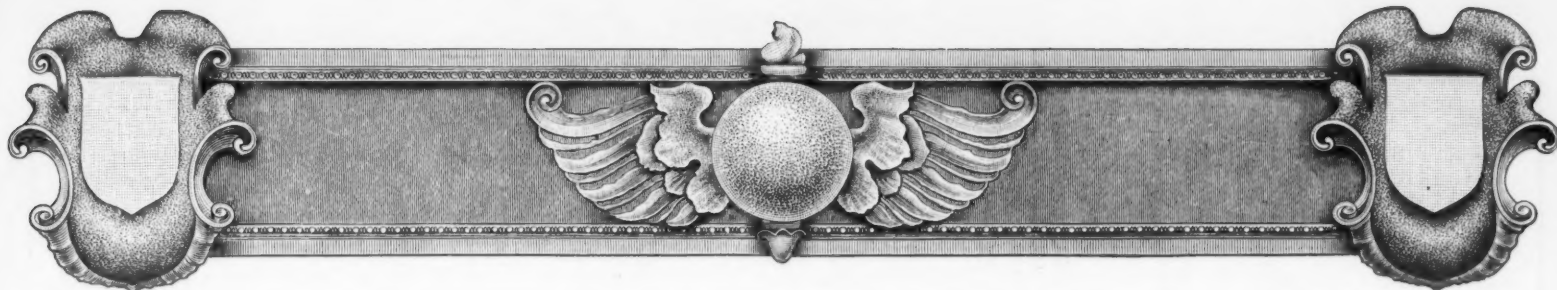
youths recently he covered many topics on which their views must soon be formed. "As soon as unions become too defiant, boycotts and picketings result. Questions about trade-unions will come up again and again during your lives, but don't get hot. . . . Putting your foot on strikes doesn't seem to work just now. Plenty of men believe in the closed shop. . . . If your bathtub leaks, you don't want a man to tell you that he won't fix it and that he won't allow any one else to." To see all sides is the essence of wisdom, and the ability so to see human conflicts is needed now as always. Mr. HIGGINSON's thought is a type of useful thinking not only because it is catholic, but because it is clear. "One can be called generous only when he gives up something he wishes very much for himself.

We hear much about the generosity of certain rich **WISDOM** men, but let us rather call it wisdom." On questions of athletics, which among undergraduates arouse such frenzied interest, Mayor HIGGINSON expressed the hope that gate-money would be abolished, and also this: "The day is surely coming when the captain of a team will send from the field a man who does a shabby thing." It is interesting to find so liberal and rational a thinker, well versed in finance, believing that the railroads of the United States could not be rebuilt for the price of the stocks and bonds on them to-day; but our purpose in calling attention to Mayor HIGGINSON's address was not to discuss any one of his opinions, but to commend his tone and point of view as examples of the most useful spirit in which to approach all these questions on which men have honest differences of opinion.

IN A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER, which is published in Chicago, we find a letter from a mother, declaring that she feeds her five children with Peruna—or, in other words, that she is doing her best to prepare them for the drunkard's grave. Judging from their photographs, which our Chicago contemporary prints, they are pleasant-looking boys and girls, ranging perhaps from six months to seven years. Another fond parent has a picture in this newspaper, recommending the same booze, with a girl of perhaps eight, and the caption (shall we say the sacred caption?) of "Father and Child." How long is this to be?

WHAT TO TEACH

IN THE DEBATES about whether Mr. HARRY THAW can secure bail, with his millions, and again later in all the bow-wow of another trial, and then, if there is a conviction, in the arguments for new trials, and so on *ad infinitum*, we expect the Hearst newspapers to play a leading part. Wherever the popular interest in millionaires can be pandered to we find them busy, catching one advantage in the news columns and another by scolding at wealth in their editorials. Here are a few choice gems from the New York "American" about the first Thaw verdict: "The young wife alone seemed to be the victim—she alone showed the tragic effects of the long weeks of hope and fear, endured now for nought and cast into the limbo of mistrials. In the rapidly changing scenes of the trial she was always the central figure around which the drama revolved. Yesterday, in the final scene on which the curtain descended, she was again the embodiment of all the tragedy of the tremendous Thaw-White affair. And now, with the case giving **NOBILITY** way to those of other murders of lesser note, she continues, as she will to the end, to be the pitiful figure on which the eyes of all will centre—the little child of the world, penniless, amid wealth; homeless, amid all the refinements of a sumptuous hotel; friendless, save for the one being in all the world upon whom her affections centre, who, while despair gnaws at her heart, must remain locked in the dull-gray prison, his life still trembling in the balance." And again: "Little Mrs. THAW bit her lip to suppress a moan that leaped to her lips. Was it all a cruel mistake after all? Had the jury agreed, and was her husband to stand up now to hear the pronouncement of his liberty or his doom?" If this is not the limit of mawkish glorification of popular crime, our readers are requested to send us something better. To any reader whose local paper, as shown by submitted extracts, equals the above citations, we will make a present of a newspaper picture of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.



GREAT BARGAINS rivet our attention. In the New York "World" we notice that Hon. JOHN SPARKS, Governor of Nevada, is president of a mining company, so gifted in copper and gold that it gives five-dollar shares for fifty cents. This is a certainty, "not a mere speculation or gamble." You don't find Harriman finance in Governor SPARKS or JOSEPH PULITZER. Another dazzling opportunity is offered in the New York "Sun." We are not sure of the law, but hope there is some way by which the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the best-known trust company in New York, can prevent the use of its name behind

MINES an advertisement stating that national and savings-banks officials are promoting a scheme which turns other get-rich-quick enterprises into icy conservatism. "Dividends of 25% are assured from the first year's operation on the Company's entire capitalization, and thereafter as high as and possibly more than 50% per annum." Will Mr. KNAPP, or anybody else, kindly give us the name and address of any savings-bank official in the United States or Canada engaged in the promotion of a game like this? In the "Goldfield Gossip," under rules for reporters, we read: "Remember that printer's ink has made more mines than pick or shovel."

LOOK AT THIS! How things do echo! One of our most acerbic controversies, it may be recalled, was with the Philadelphia "Ledger," which said that everything remarked by us about the possibility of gagging newspapers was one unexcused and evil lie. It declared that mere yellowness prompted those reserved statements made by COLLIER'S. Now, behold, a wealthy and well-known Philadelphian is arrested, the arrest being part of **W O W !** a story so dramatic that it required all sorts of headlines in New York. In his home city? Not a line. He was one of the owners of a department store! Query, CAN Philadelphia papers ever be induced to treat the news from counting-house perspective? The Gimbel Brothers' advertisement in the "Ledger" the morning on which the story was suppressed occupied one full page—which means for a day about \$300, and for a year—but any Philadelphian may calculate for himself.

A PORTRAIT PAINTER of distinction, when asked the question: "What are the greatest enemies of art?" replied: "Starvation and indigestion." No artist, he exclaimed, can retain his freshness of viewpoint and dine out every night with the high-feeding people who sit for him. Another painter complained that artists have no proper middlemen. Playwrights, poets, and novelists employ such agents to advantage. Yet placing a play or selling a serial is fraught with none of the perils which confront a painter in disposing of his wares. An energetic young person with a taste for pictures and a broad acquaintanceship in high places might undertake a useful career. He could manage the sales, eat the dinners, and take his percentage at the maximum of profit and the minimum of friction. He could save the artist such embarrassment as once befell when a wealthy Goldfielder telephoned a sculptor and said: "I want a handsome statue by next Thursday." Our motives in making this suggestion are unselfish. We have no agent in mind.

PAIN TO THE EYE of mankind seems at last about to produce a long-delayed rebellion. After a bitter fight a tax of one cent per square foot per year has been placed upon billboards in Los Angeles, returning some \$52,000 a year to that city, which has twenty-five miles of billboards. New York City, through its assistant corporation counsel, JOHN P. O'BRIEN, is waging a war on illegal billboards. Five suits have already been entered against the O. J. Gude Co. The Chamber of Commerce of the city of Pittsburg is undertaking the restriction of billboards in that city, and similar action is being taken in Cincinnati. Boston is in the throes of a protest against a beer sign on the Hotel Pelham, fronting the Boston Common, for which the erecting concern pays the owner of the premises \$3,000 per year, notwithstanding which the said owner has succeeded **BILLBOARDS** in having the assessment on his building for tax purposes reduced \$1,900 within the year. The situation in Boston is made rather amusing by the fact that DONNELLEY, the boss billboard, has been disciplined by the National Billposters' Association for erecting this sign against the desires of the National Association. The Legislatures of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts have each billboard restricting and taxing acts before them now, with the billboard men fighting any taxation, regulation, or supervision.

The following advertisement is reproduced from the New York "Sun" by us without charge. The mining swindles of the United States have gone far enough. A discussion of them will be found in an editorial on this page, and Mr. Kemble's cartoon will be of use in elucidating their results to the casual reader

NOTICE.

A SYNDICATE, composed mainly of NATIONAL and SAVINGS BANK and TRUST COMPANY OFFICIALS, has organized THE PORCUPINE GOLD-MINING COMPANY with a capital stock, all common, of \$4,000,000 par value of shares \$10.00, and invites acceptable parties, through the undersigned, to subscribe to a LIMITED PORTION of 100,000 shares of full-paid, non-assessable treasury stock of the corporation at \$5.00 PER SHARE, and PARTICIPATE on an EQUAL BASIS with the SYNDICATE in raising \$500,000 to operate certain Placer Gold Properties, reported in Bulletin, B 288, issued by the UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, to average several dollars to the cubic yard and proven to contain over \$30,000,000 in recoverable gold values, on the basis of \$3.00 for Channel and \$2.00 for High Bar and Bench Gravel per cubic yard. Gold values recovered to date average \$17.00 per cubic yard.

The properties comprise, approximately, 1,000 acres, or 5 1/2 miles along Porcupine Creek, Southeastern Alaska. They are about 3 1/4 days distant, by four lines of steamers, from Seattle. The climate is temperate. Six months working season. The gold is coarse and easily recoverable by Hydraulic process. There is ample water-power. The water drops 500 feet from the power flume to the Hydraulic Giants. Dividends of 25% are assured from the first year's operation on the Company's entire capitalization, and thereafter as high as and possibly more than 50% per annum.

All original papers and data may be seen at the office of the undersigned. Remittances may be made to the

KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY,
New York City, for the account and credit of the undersigned Syndicate Manager. Subscriptions close April 30, 1907.

Room 707, **C. D. KNAPP, Jr.,**
111 Broadway, New York. **Syndicate Manager.**

MR. BRYCE, BUSY with the serious study of our Constitution, delayed finding out some of our little oddities. He complained, therefore, that while in Canada he mailed despatches to his Government, addressed simply "London," and they went to London, Ontario. Scolding Canada good-naturedly for duplicating English names, Mr. BRYCE also wonders why more than one Washington should be tolerated in the United States. As a matter of statistics, the name applies to 30 towns, 31 counties, besides 1 State, various Lakes, Junctions, Islands, Harbors, Gulches, Depots, Bars, and Centres. Our London number but 10. The German Ambassador has more cause for complaint against us than Mr. **NAMING** BRYCE. Should he **T O W N S** send letters to "Berlin," the mail clerk would have the choice of 24 Berlins in the United States (3 in Ohio), 1 in Uruguay, and another in Ontario. To M. JUSSERAND, however, would not be presented so intricate a puzzle, only 21 Parises being charted

by our geographers. We seem to lack imagination in giving names. Somebody dubbed a settlement Elk Creek, and in course of time 23 other settlements copied the name. We find 25 Big Creeks in the country, 17 Bethanys, 21 Bethels, 14 Beulahs, 21 Eldorados, 26 Enterprises, 19 Hopes, 17 Toledos, 15 Lodis, and 10 Omegas. Mark Tapley could excuse our 11 Paradises, and it is a concession to Western humor to list 3 Tomahawks, 2 Troublesomes, and 5 Locos. Statesmen, and those about whom there might be a question, have lent their names freely. We find 23 Lincolns, 10 Thurmans, and 5 Tillmans. The beautiful Indian names which Mr. BRYCE thinks we should use have been ignored, largely because they are difficult to pronounce. Other towns and counties, however, are still to be baptized; let their sponsors consult the Bureau of Ethnology first, and a good atlas afterward, and so avoid tiresome iteration of foreign terms.



"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY . . ."

"The public can expect nothing from the human vultures who prey upon the poor and weak through oil, mining, or other schemes of wildcat finance. But it has a right to expect protection from its reputable press. That this is refused is the gravest indictment lying against American journalism to-day"

—Chicago Evening Post

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

"TAINTED NEWS"

The first of these articles, describing the means used by large interests to get into the news columns of papers all over the country their political and economic propaganda, appeared February 23. A future article will describe the "dollar-a-line" system practised by the insurance companies, the Standard Oil Company, and other interests

II.—THE SUBSIDIZED CAMPAIGN AGAINST MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

JOURNALISM," said Mr. George W. Ochs recently, "is beset by many tempters; they pursue editors and reporters with blandishments, sophistry, and lures of every kind to promote personal, political, or financial ends." And the "Wall Street Journal," discussing "Tempters of Journalism," affirms that "no one not trained in a newspaper office has any idea of the arts employed to deceive, use, and corrupt newspapers."

There have been, and still are, newspapers which sell their news columns, and often their editorial columns, for a dollar a line, more or less. There have been, and still are, well-known agencies, go-betweens, whose business is the making of these contracts for "tainted news." Through them, literally millions of dollars have been paid out to some American newspapers by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, by the Equitable Company, and by other corporations.

"Converting Public Opinion"

BUT this business, by the exposures of the Armstrong Committee, has been made publicly malodorous and dangerous to both the bribers and the "tainted" newspapers. What still remains of it will be told later; the present article deals with a number of less crude and more adroit "tempters of journalism" who practise a tainting of the news in which editors and publishers figure wholly as victims, and are guilty of nothing more than gullibility, or lack of vigilance in guarding their columns. These agencies secure the publication of articles and propaganda favorable to the interests which employ them by a careful keeping in the background of the identity of their employers, and a skilful treatment of their propaganda with artificial appetizers, coloring matter, and disinfectants, whereby the newspapers are deceived as to its true nature and source.

Of these agencies the one which has been and now is employed by the most important corporations, goes by various names. In Boston it is the Publicity Bureau, in New York the Press Service Company, in Washington the National News Service. Its proprietors also do business on letter-heads which contain nothing more than their names, Michaelis & Ellsworth (Ellsworth is no longer a member of the firm), and the somewhat cryptic words, "Industrial Statistics." Still another of their names is "Specialists in Relations to Consumers." In all of these guises their business is the manufacture of public opinion favorable to the corporations and interests which employ

RAILROADS' ACTIVE CAMPAIGN

Helping Newspapers in Hopes of Killing Rate Reform.
Special to "The Record."

Sioux City, Ia., Oct. 22.—If money and herculean effort can turn the Northwest States from their now evident purpose of standing by President Roosevelt in demanding Government control of railroad rates, the railroads will win. Special agencies in every section to quell the anti-railroad spirit have been supplemented by the establishment of a "ready print" service. Every country newspaper which will use this "magazine section" is given it absolutely free. Some of the faithful who wouldn't even accept a free railroad pass have given the "snap" away.

While the purpose is obvious, the promoters of the scheme are adroit in the selection of matter for the "magazine section." For the first few weeks there was not a reference to the railroads, but now there is an occasional article, disguised as news. The railroads are shown to be doing wonderful work in the development of the country, in supporting a vast army of employees and in making enormous outlays of wealth to the benefit of all people. Yet the dividends are said to be small. These statements would not arouse the suspicions of the average reader in 1000 years.

It is creditably reported that several hundred of the country newspapers are accepting and using this "magazine section" in Iowa, South and North Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska, and it is said the service is extended over the entire West and South.

Newspaper item exposing the operation of the railroad "tainted news" agencies at the time the campaign against the regulation of rates was busiest

the street-car company, and in due time the proper fraction of it comes back to you in the evening paper in the shape of a "tainted news" item, reciting the deplorable failure of municipal ownership in some foreign city.

This anti-municipal ownership doctrine is spread by the Publicity Bureau in their typical manner. Here is one of their semiweekly Washington letters sent out under their Washington name, "The National News Service." It appears in the Jacksonville (Fla.) "Times-Union," under the heading, "Current Chat and Comment from the National Capital." It appears also in a hundred and fifty other papers of equal rank, which don't want to maintain a Washington correspondent of their own, but are willing to print a Washington letter that comes to them free.

A Typical Anti-Municipal Ownership Argument

IT is a highly spiced and candied letter. First, there is a paragraph about the Presidential situation, such a paragraph as any provincial editor is glad to get from Washington. Then there is an interesting paragraph about the higher average of suicides in the South. Then more paragraphs, all entertaining, and well written, about the preservation of wild animals, the making of flags, and the admission of Oklahoma. Finally, comes a paragraph which begins in this way:

"The pride of Washington has received a severe bump through an article on Glasgow, by F. C. Howe, in the current issue of one of the large magazines. . . . In the article in question the inhabitants of Glasgow are pictured as asserting that their city is the best in the world, and all because of municipal ownership of various public utilities. No wonder Washington is grieved! And then the paragraph goes on to revile and ridicule, but not so obviously as to excite suspicion, Glasgow, municipal ownership, and Mr. Howe.

That paragraph is the reason for the whole letter. For getting it before the public, the anonymous opponents of municipal ownership are willing to pay the expense of maintaining the Washington office, the so-called "National News Service," and sending out the semiweekly letter.

Now the magazine which printed Mr. Howe's article praising municipal ownership as he found it in Glasgow was "Scribner's." That is not a wild-eyed nor a radical publication; rather it would be called conservative. But it does business under the name of its owners, and in selecting its contents it does not discriminate against any honorable opinion expressed by a respon-

WATERWORKS NOT A FAILURE

Lincoln Says Municipal Ownership Has Been a Success.

Lincoln, Neb., March 15.—Special: The Lincoln Commercial club held a meeting to repel and rebuke industrious fakes promulgated to the discredit of the Lincoln water department and the municipal governments of Tecumseh and Fremont. The two latter cities have issued authoritative denials.

The Commercial club is preparing a letter which will be sent to the newspapers of the country. Mayor Brown declared that the business standing of Lincoln had been injured.

The water and lighting plants are in excellent condition. The articles printed charged that municipal ownership had been a failure in Lincoln.

Newspaper item reciting indignant action taken by the Commercial Club of Lincoln, Nebraska, to repudiate newspaper stories of the failure of the municipally owned Lincoln water-works. These stories, concerning not only Lincoln, but other small cities throughout the West, have been industriously circulated by press mercenaries employed by men who oppose municipal ownership. Bonuses are offered to those who get such despatches into the papers—sometimes as much as \$20 a column

them. They hire themselves out to change public sentiment. Most often it is to quiet the clamorous indignation which some corporation has brought upon itself by the revelation of its wrong-doing; occasionally it is to sow the seeds of corporation propaganda, to fertilize the public mind for the friendly reception of some long-planned move in corporation aggrandizement. This they accomplish through a subtle use of the press which constitutes a deception of the public, and usually involves the practise of guile as to the newspapers. It does not involve the payment of money to the newspapers.

Anonymous Opponents of Municipal Ownership

THE principal client of the Michaelis and Ellsworth concern is a group of modest philanthropists who do not believe in municipal ownership, and are able and willing to spend a great deal of money to insinuate their unbelief into the columns of the press through the agency of the Publicity Bureau and its various branches in Boston, Chicago, New York, and Washington. COLLIER'S has sought diligently to learn the identity of these open-handed philanthropists, but has failed. The managers of the Publicity Bureau refuse to tell; and another agent of the same anti-municipal ownership group, who deals more frankly with the press under the name of "The M. O. Publishing Bureau," refuses to go farther than saying that his bureau is supported "by the subscriptions of a large number of men, many of them well known to the public, who wish to present the other side of municipal ownership." Failing to secure more definite information, COLLIER'S feels privileged to infer that these shrinking philanthropists, who are paying out their money to enlighten the public on an abstract economic question, are not entirely dissociated with the ownership of securities in public-service corporations. Keeping the public persuaded that municipal ownership would be very bad may soon be a regular item in the operating expenses of public-service corporations. You pay your nickel to

REGULATION

OF RAILROAD RATES IS STRONGLY OPPOSED.

Alabama Commercial and Industrial Association, in Session at Decatur, Sets Out Objections to Plan.

DECATUR, Ala., Nov. 2.—(Special).—At the close of its annual meeting here to-day the Alabama Commercial & Industrial Association unanimously adopted a resolution putting itself on record as opposed to legislation granting the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railway rates. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 100 to 0.

"Tainted news" item which was printed in good faith by the Nashville "American," the Knoxville "Journal and Tribune," and scores of other papers, to whom it was sent by telegraph. The convention was dominated and the resolutions were put through by railroad attorneys. A railroad "tainted news" agent was one of the only two newspaper men present, and out of the railroad publicity fund came the money which paid to send this despatch

sible person who holds that conviction and signs his name to it. Mr. Howe, who wrote the article, is a lawyer of high standing in Cleveland, Ohio. His former partner is the present Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Garfield. Between this sort of frank and open argument in favor of municipal ownership, and the round-the-corner and back-of-the-stump, shoot-in-the-dark propaganda against it, carried on by anonymous owners of public-service corporations through the agency of hired press mercenaries, there is easy choice. It takes a well-balanced mind to resist the suspicion that the franker argument must be founded on the better cause.

Another article, sent out from Boston by the Publicity Bureau, describes in detail the failure of a municipal ferry and a municipal printing plant, and extols unctuously the service given in that city by privately owned public-service companies.

These same anonymous opponents of municipal ownership employ other means of spreading their propaganda, in addition to the Publicity Bureau. The M. O. Publishing Bureau of 119 Nassau Street, New York—whose manager, at least, is known, though he says of his backers: "Should they come out into the open and say that they are behind this movement they would be subjected to abuse and ridicule; I am here to be pounded"—has this much of frankness: it sends out a letter to newspapers which is plainly and straightforwardly against municipal ownership. No editor is deceived by it; if he prints it, it is presumably because he opposes municipal ownership. The addition of the names of the men who are subsidizing this bureau would place the enterprise above all ethical objection. From the same M. O. Publishing Bureau comes the monthly magazine, entitled "Concerning Municipal Ownership." In this Mr. John Kendrick Bangs prints humorous arguments against municipal ownership under the heading, "Alice in Municipaland." Some of his verses run:

"You can go to the People's Shoe Shop,
Or down to the new Town Pump.
You can visit the Civic Glue Shop,
Or call on the Public Clump."

Other Methods of Fighting Municipal Ownership

THESE or some other plethoric opponents of municipal ownership are disseminating their propaganda by other agencies whose methods are less frank, even, than the Publicity Bureau's.

When the reader of a New York newspaper comes upon a half-column or more of short items detailing the failure of municipal ownership in Sand Flat, Nevada, in Bosky Bottom, Iowa, in Long Coulee, Wisconsin, and in half a dozen other like centres of Western enterprise, he need not necessarily infer that the West is excited about it. It is only that the propaganda's press agents have been busy. Their plan is described in the following letter from a newspaper man in Iowa:

"Last summer I was visited by a newspaper man of Omaha, who made the trip here especially to see me. He had learned that at that time I represented a number of the larger papers as correspondent. He wanted it understood the conversation was to be strictly confidential. He made it known that he had been designated by some one, representing interests whose identity was unknown to him, to work up news calculated to convince the public that municipal ownership is a failure. His proposition was to pay me a bonus of \$20 a column for all such news matter that I could get into papers I represented. He told me that he was going the next week to Denver and indicated he would eventually cover Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, South Dakota, and Minnesota. We publish about 400 ready prints here, and he intimated to me I could get a check for \$100 for every anti-municipal ownership story I got into our papers. It had been made plain to him, he said, that there was no limit to the amount of money that could be made, so long as the matter got into the newspapers.

"The plan worked with remarkable success. I of course handled no stories, but I watched the newspapers, and it was amazing to find how many of the big papers were victimized. In that respect, the campaign was the most successful of any I have ever known. If a correspondent should get a half-column story into 10 papers, he would receive from the papers themselves \$25, and from the anti-municipal ownership people \$100. Some correspondents did this well every other week. In view of the premium it is needless to suggest that in every possible case stories of municipal ownership were colored to suit the bureau.

"Very truly, R."

One of the results of the diligently propagated lies paid for by these anonymous philanthropists was the indignant resolutions passed by the Lincoln (Neb.) Commercial Club, described in a newspaper item reproduced on the opposite page.

Organizing to Fight Rate Regulation

WHEN the railroads, just about two years ago, foresaw the beginning of that tide of public clamor against them which is just now at its flood, they forehandedly determined to poison public opinion at its very fountain-head. They proposed to spread throughout the United States a newspaper propaganda against rate legislation. The railroads took this enterprise very seriously. They went about it with the thoroughness, the order and system characteristic of railroad administration.

Individual railroads were assessed for large contributions, aggregating over a million dollars. The late President Spencer of the Southern Railway took personal charge, making his headquarters at Washington, and giving to the work most of his time for many months. As illustrating the pains taken to keep from the papers and the public the identity of the railroads with this work, a code was invented in which President Spencer and others in the management were known as "A," "Latex," and "Latamak."

TOWN	NAME OF PAPER	CIRCULATION	DATE OF ISSUE	POLITICS
1187	_____	Inf. small	Sat	Anti-beef
10870	_____	Inf. paper	S -	Anti-oil
C N St P	_____	Weak Mts		Anti-corp
		1.50		Anti-Rep
				Pro-R R
				Pro-Roosevelt

Duplicate copied from a card in the Chicago Publicity Bureau's index of newspapers. These cards furnish, in the last column, detailed information as to the position of the editor on public questions. At the bottom they indicate by what opening he could be persuaded to accept railroad "doctrine." The data which would identify the paper and editor on this card have been erased. Quotations from other cards in this index are printed elsewhere in the article.

For the publicity organization which they proposed to build up, the railroads found a ready-made nucleus in a small concern doing business in Boston under the name "The Publicity Bureau." The firm had for some years done a comparatively innocuous business, getting into the newspapers laudatory articles about commercial and educational institutions. Their work had been that of high-class press agents. Up to the time the railroads took hold of them they had never engaged in the propagation of any doctrine on subjects of political or economic controversy.

This organization the railroads expanded to impressive proportions. They founded branch offices in New York, in Washington, in Chicago, and in many of the smaller Western cities, where the anti-railroad sentiment was strongest. In the Chicago office alone, forty men were employed. With characteristic railroad thoroughness and order, it was determined to found the campaign upon a complete and detailed knowledge

of the field to be covered. For the acquiring of this, agents of the Publicity Bureau were sent from town to town, omitting not even the remotest village that contained a country weekly, to ascertain from personal inquiry, not only the position as to the rate bill of every editor, but also, by what weakness or opening that position, if against the railroads, could be changed. From the reports of these agents there was compiled a most remarkable card index of the newspapers of the country, which is still kept in the Chicago office of the Publicity Bureau. It was no mere record of obvious facts, such as any newspaper directory might contain; rather, it gave, as one of the managers of the bureau expressed it, "a practical knowledge of the working of the brain of any editor with whom we want to 'land' a story." The duplicate of one of the cards in this index, reproduced on this page, will illustrate. (The name of the paper and the town, and of the editor, are erased; no necessity of this article requires the advertising to the world of this Dakota editor's weaknesses.) In addition to the usual details, the first column tells what railroad the paper is dependent on, the third gives the information that the paper's influence is small and its editorials weak. In the last column is a careful analysis of the editor's position on public questions, including the paradoxical discovery that he is against most of the trusts, but "pro-railroad," and also, oddly, although a Democrat, "pro-Roosevelt." These pointers were obviously useful in suggesting openings to a railroad writer anxious to prepare an article which should contain the railroad "doctrine" and at the same time be palatable to the editor. At the bottom of each card in the index, there is, as here, some intimate memoranda suggestive of how the

editor is best approached. Many of these memoranda are sage, cynical, and withal amusing. Even if not very important, the gaiety of nations deserves the reproduction of a few concerning Western papers:

Card-Indexing the Psychology of Editors

"H"AS had many favors from the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul."

"Policy directed by Senator Gamble, and latter not likely to approve editorial opposition of popular measures."

"A former Chicago printer. Home-loving and has children. Senator Kittredge secured appointment to Annapolis for son."

"Will sell his soul for money. Natural born Ishmaelite. Envious. Quarrelsome."

"College bred. Rich. Knows how to take care of himself. Wants to go to Congress."

"Hobbies: God, the Bible, and Sunday School."

"Smith's Hobbies are the Smith family."

"Hobby: Grand lodges and secret societies."

"A — wants money and he gets it. Roasts the other editor and occasionally knocks him down in the street."

"280 circulation: A puny sheet with two pages of 'home print.' A religious turn."

"Considerable ability, fair, and impartial."

"Controlled by G. D., local banker, who wants to be Governor and then some."

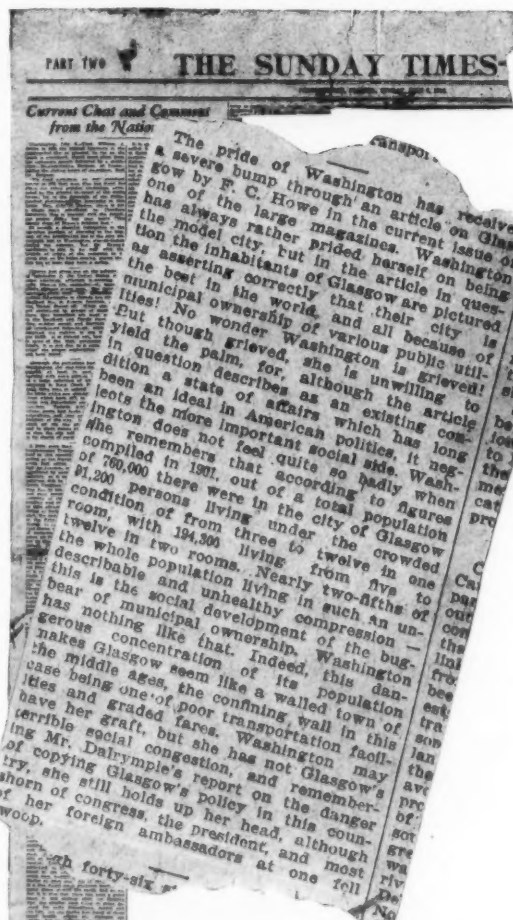
"Editor of paper because he married it. Married founder's widow. Holds on because it gives him prestige socially. Over 100,000."

The field being thus systematized, many newspaper men, always those of high talent, were hired away from the business of unbiased chronicling of public events, and set to writing railroad propaganda. From Washington, a regular service of two and three letters a week was sent to the minor newspapers of the country, newspapers too poor or too unenterprising to maintain Washington correspondents of their own, but eager enough to print an interesting Washington letter. And the Publicity Bureau's letters were—and are—interesting. Infinite pains were taken to make them appetizing to individual editors. For Kentucky and Tennessee papers, for example, as the Lexington "Leader" tells, the letter would begin with a story about one of the local Congressmen, Ollie James, or John Wesley Gaines. Always, of course, somewhere along in the middle of the letter, would appear the carefully sweetened and artificially colored pro-railroad, anti-Hepburn bill "doctrine."

Here is one of these Washington letters. It was printed in the "Record" of Russell, Kansas. There is a harmless paragraph about the President's family on a holiday, another about a proposed monument to Confederate soldiers, one about the Weather Bureau, and one about rural free delivery. Then comes a very nasty slur at President Roosevelt, including a parody of a popular song, which reads:

"Everybody lies but Roosevelt,
And he lies around all day.
They think he's made of iron,
But he's only common clay."

Finally, there is the "doctrine" paragraph, containing a vigorous protest against some clauses of the railroad rate bill, and stating that Senator Long was receiving protests from thousands of railroad employees in Kansas. For getting that paragraph published the railroads were willing to bear the expense of the entire letter and the maintenance at Washington of the staff of the so-called "National News Service," which sent the letter out.



A PARAGRAPH OF "TAINTED NEWS"

This argument against municipal ownership appeared in the course of a Washington letter sent out by the "National News Service"

The adroitness ingenuity was used to create and disseminate pro-railroad arguments. Prominent public men—notably Representative William Bailey Lamar of Florida, and Senator Morgan of Alabama, who had sincere convictions against Government regulation—were interviewed by writers for the Publicity Bureau, and these interviews were telegraphed to papers likely to print them because of local interest in the men. Conventions were organized to pass anti-regulation resolutions, and these resolutions were telegraphed throughout the country. One notable instance of this occurred in Chicago.

Results Obtained by the Publicity Bureau

WITH their elaborate equipment for knowing the intimate peculiarities of individual editors and what sort of article each would be most likely to swallow, and with its scores of writers visiting the smaller towns, the Publicity Bureau was thoroughly successful, so far as quantity went. Dakota farmers saw in Dakota papers boggy stories to the effect that Government rate regulation meant a quintupling of the rate on wheat to New York. Tobacco-raising communities, corn-raising States, and manufacturing towns, each read an adapted variation of the same story. For their reports to their employers the Bureau kept accurate records of the number of pro-railroad and anti-railroad articles printed in all the papers of each State. In Alabama the record for a single month was:

ARTICLES
For Government rate regulation..... 1
Against Government rate regulation..... 46
(43 out of the 46 written by the Publicity Bureau.)

They also kept a comparative "before and after" record. In Nebraska, before the Bureau was employed, during one week in June, the newspapers printed 212 columns favoring Government regulation, and 2 columns against. Some months later, after the Publicity Bureau had covered the State, a similar record was kept, showing 202 columns against Government regulation and 2 favoring it.

But in spite of this impressive showing as to quantity, the railroads never spent money which reaped a greater harvest of whirlwind. Much of that hostility about which the railroads are whimpering now was caused by the boomerangs of their misdirected effort to manufacture public opinion. The newspapers discovered the scheme and resented the subterranean and gumshod features of it. The Chicago office was exposed by both the "Record-Herald" and the "Tribune."

With the cutting off of the very large subsidy from the railroads, when the attempt to head off the rate bill failed, the Publicity Bureau was compelled to close many of its smaller Western offices. But it yet maintains, for the benefit of its anti-municipal ownership

The Press Service Company

333 Fourth Avenue

New York City

FURNISHED FOR PUBLICATION WITHOUT
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HOME LIFE BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MICHAELIS & ELLSWORTH

INDUSTRIAL STATISTICS

126 STATE STREET, BOSTON

THREE IN ONE

Various names under which the "Publicity Bureau" does business in Boston, New York, Washington, and Chicago. This bureau conducted the anti-rate law publicity campaign for the railroads, and is now conducting a similar campaign against municipal ownership on behalf of persons interested in public service corporations

and other clients, two offices in New York, one in Chicago, one in Boston, and one in Washington. What this Michaelis & Ellsworth Publicity Bureau accomplished for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, by

a publicity campaign focused in a single city, illustrates adequately how effective this system of press mercenaries can be. There is nowhere a public-service corporation more unpopular in the community it serves than is the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. And if there is any one question upon which public opinion in New York is well settled, it is that no more elevated railways shall be built in that city. Either of these facts would seem to make vain the ardent wish of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to build a mile of elevated railway connecting two bridges. Nevertheless, about a year ago, the company through the employment of the Publicity Bureau to "work up sentiment for the 'L'" was so successful that the publicity-inspired movement got headway enough to force its way through several official municipal committees and up to the Rapid Transit Commission, which is the final authority. In order to defeat the scheme formal action by the City Club and several other reform organizations became necessary.

Some Misrepresented and Indignant Papers

WHAT of the newspapers which print this stuff—unwitting snatchers of others' chestnuts? When they receive an interesting "news letter," and print it because it costs nothing, they must realize that somebody's ax is being ground at their expense. It can not be an agreeable reflection to them that clippings from their papers are turned in as the record of services performed by the news tainters. It is natural that the papers should vent strenuous indignation on discovering this use of their columns or their names.

Quite a number of the papers which were represented by Smith, the Washington "publicity agent," as being "served" by him, and whose names were on the circular of Smith's reproduced in COLLIER'S, have stated in their editorial columns, or in letters, that they never printed his stuff. The "Newark Advertiser," although it was on the list of papers which Smith claimed to "serve," never printed any of his letters. Says the "Advertiser": "Mr. Smith's status as a professional publicity agent is perfectly well known to the 'Advertiser,' and if he succeeds in getting anything into this newspaper to help along the interests of his clients it will be in advertising type, and must be paid for the same as other advertisements." The Seattle "Star" did "not use any news furnished by Wm. Wolff Smith. It knows that Smith sends out from Washington, D. C., every few days to newspapers all over the land an alleged 'Washington letter' on which are the plain marks of corporations having 'axes to grind.' A copy of this stuff has been regularly sent to the 'Star' and as regularly thrown in the waste basket." The Chester, Pa., "Times" has never printed a line from William Wolff Smith. The "News-Democrat" of Canton, Ohio, says: "No article from this man has ever appeared in our paper."

THE NEWSPAPERS ON "TAINTED NEWS"

EDITORS COMMENT ON THE SPREAD OF CORPORATION PROPAGANDA

"THE improper influencing of public opinion by paid advertising published as news, and by the dissemination of 'inspired' news, prevails in Britain and Canada, as well as in the United States. Corporation agencies are behind many of the despatches and communications circulated on this continent, adversely criticising the results of public ownership in the United Kingdom. These often appear to be written by independent and apparently competent observers, but really associated professionally with the trust combinations that are striving hard to circumscribe municipal ownership."—*The Toronto World*.

"COLLIER'S contention is that any matter in a newspaper for which the newspaper receives pay should be printed in such form or with such descriptive caption or addendum as will enable the reader to understand clearly that it is matter which is paid for by parties interested in having it published. In this contention COLLIER'S is absolutely right."—*The Daily Telegram*, Eau Claire, Wis.

"Tainted news has become a business of immense volume in America. Almost every mail delivered to an editor's desk is loaded with it. A great deal of it is of the surreptitious sort such as Smith's and should be watched. It would be safer if burnt before using."—*Times-Republican*, Marshalltown, Iowa.

"No self-respecting newspaper will hereafter care to be found with a Smith letter in its columns."—*The Republican*, Springfield, Mass.

"Tainted news may not be as fatal as tainted meat, but it is not less reprehensible. The news ought to be as unbiased as the multiplication table. There never was a time when honest publicity was more potent in the world's affairs than it is to-day, and the influence of the printed word, whether it be news or advertising, will be all the more lasting if it is governed by straightforward statements and perfect candor. The frank, outspoken plan of advertising what a corporation has to say, and assuming full responsibility for it, is best for the advertiser, best for the newspaper whose news is not colored by such statements, and best for the public, who will thus know precisely how to estimate the claims set forth by responsible men who are actively interested in making known the exact condition of the enterprises with which they are connected."—*Truth*, Scranton, Pa.

"We have had our eye on this individual a long time, but we did not know he was so numerous or so powerful as COLLIER'S represents him to be. Mr. Smith sends out printed letters, frequently well written and attractive, but when he offered them free of charge we naturally suspected a rat somewhere in the meal tub."—*The Leader*, Richmond, Va.

"The reading public suffer from no worse evil than 'tainted news' of the press. This is to journalism what sanded sugar used to be to the grocery business, but infinitely more deceptive, more injurious, and more criminal."—*The Public*, Chicago.

"A growing practise is to appeal insidiously to the public judgment by means of articles which, though their publication is paid for, have the form and appearance of general matter, printed for the information of readers or to define the policy of the paper in which it appears. The series is most timely. It will enlighten the editors of the smaller newspapers."—*The Journal*, Detroit, Mich.

"I am glad to see your 'tainted news' campaign begun. You have the situation stated most truthfully and the exposure is most timely. I commented upon this new policy of corporation interest some time ago, as I believe we have been particularly beset by them in recent months."—CHARLES O. HEARON, Editor, *The Herald*, Spartanburg, S. C.

"I think your exposure is calculated to do much good."—CHARLES M. HARWOOD, Managing Editor, *The Herald*, Syracuse, N. Y.

"In so far as we are concerned the whole situation is simply this: Commencing several years ago, Mr. Smith sent us some articles with regard to the matter of the rifle practise work of the army. It is possible that this may have been used in our columns. He followed that, without our solicitation, or even without our consent, with some matter touching on legislative matters then pending in Congress. All of that stuff went into the waste-paper basket, where it belonged. . . . We have never used any service supplied by Mr. Smith."—EUGENE MCSWENEY, *The Saginaw Evening News Company*, Saginaw, Mich.

"I have just read with keen interest and sentiments of commendation the excellent article in your issue of February 23d, entitled 'tainted news.' I must say, however, that it is with great surprise that I find the name of the Augusta 'Herald' printed in a list of newspapers to which William Wolff Smith has 'access.' . . . Soon after I reached Washington I discovered the true character of Smith's work, and at once notified my paper. . . .

Previous to that time, without any agreement whatever with Smith, the 'Herald' had published a few of his well-written letters, mistaking them, as others have done, for legitimate news matter. . . . No one knows better than Smith himself that he can get nothing into our columns."—JAS. J. CHAFFEE, Associate Editor, *Augusta Herald*.

"William Wolff Smith may have reduced the 'publicity bureau' to a more perfect system than any one else, but he has a score of imitators. . . . The Smith service

has a powerful rival at the National Capitol in a news bureau that seems to be conducted solely in the interest of increased appropriations for the interior waterways of the country, although it is difficult to figure out who pays the bills for boosting such a general proposition. This bureau evidently gets out special copy for different sections, as the letters it sends to the 'Leader' from week to week nearly always start off with personal anecdotes of Ollie James or John Wesley Gaines or some other Kentucky or Tennessee Congressman."—*Leader*, Lexington, Ky.

"There are a few publishers scattered about the country who have the hayseed out of their hair, and they did not have to take a New York education in order to get it out. We know 'tainted news' when we see it."—*The News*, Newburyport, Mass.

"On the subject of 'tainted news' it might be remarked that there are very, very few papers in the country that have not been caught on it at one time or another. In almost every mail to every newspaper come really interesting stories bearing upon one or another of the things of public import. They really look authentic and legitimate, but in every one of them there is a 'joker.' It may not be apparent in a casual perusal, but it is there, woven in with a subtlety that cunningly conceals it."—*Evening Star*, Elmira, N. Y.

"The True American' has ventured rashly into its own print to justify the entire business so vigorously lampooned by COLLIER'S and declares that the 'interests' have a right to present their side to the public in this way. We think the editor who penned that comment would think differently if he caught an 'interest' regularly bribing one of his reporters to doctor his copy the way COLLIER'S said the Washington stuff is treated."—*The Home News*, New Brunswick, N. J.

The manager of the McKeesport, Pa., "Daily News" succinctly remarks: "There is no law to stop any man from mailing us contributions. We have a furnace." The Moline, Ill., "Dispatch," the Decatur, Ill., "Review," the Johnstown, Pa., "Democrat," the St. Joseph, Mo., "News Gazette," and the Columbia, S. C., "State," although they were on Smith's circular, did not print his letters.

"There is no question that corporations have tried to influence public opinion in this way."—*Printers' Ink*.

"This person is not the only hireling of corporation interests who sends out 'dope' to newspapers. Others of his ilk are continually offering by mail, with the greatest generosity, free newspaper matter, all of which, however, reveals its true character to an experienced editor. Some of them vary their efforts by sending out matter by wire, or by mail under telegraph dates, which they offer to pay for at liberal rates."—*The Seattle Star*.



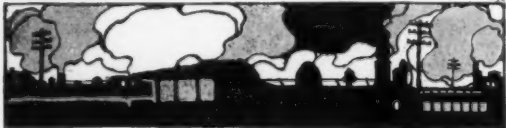
LIFE IN OUR TOWN



In the issue of February 23 COLLIERS offered a prize of \$100 for the best letter on the subject "Life in Our Town." The prize has been awarded to the first of the letters printed below. Other letters will be printed in forthcoming numbers of COLLIERS

THE Life in Our Town Editor begs to report that his labors are finished and that he has derived from them entertainment and information incalculable. He has read well over a thousand manuscripts—about one million words in all—and has been introduced intimately to many corners of our country which he knew nothing about before. For every one of the few letters which the limits of this paper make possible to use on this page, and on those to be printed hereafter, he has read perhaps a score, varying only in some slight degree, and helping to fill in the details of the picture, and no one who reads merely those printed can have half the fun that he did in reading them together with their fellows, which gave them body and life. The editor mourns, too, to think how all that warm personality which resides in stationery, handwriting, and what not, is frozen out in the impersonal type. Some of the letters bore their owners' photographs at the top and some their crests; some were scratched out by busy clerks and manufacturers, and some written in the cramped, quivering hands of feeble old ladies; some smelled of musk, and some of iodoform and carbolic. All this the Life in Our Town Editor saw—and you must try to imagine.

The limits of this paper permit that not more than three or four shall be printed at a time. It is hoped that several such pages as this may appear in succeeding numbers. As the Life in Our Town Editor still has some fifty or more letters which he is more than reluctant to return, his intellect is at present concentrated on devising some plan by which they may be used, in whole or in part, and not be lost to a waiting world.



PRIZE LETTER

"OH, mamma, there's a railroader and a man fighting down on Park Avenue!" The bright youngster who volunteered this surprising piece of information could not be blamed. He had lived in Ourtown long enough to catch some of its caste spirit, but as the complete span of his life was but a little over six years, he was hardly old enough to be a hypocrite. As my calling in life happens to be that of fireman on a Boston and Maine "hog," I must leave the strictly human side of Ourtown to be depicted by some worthier scribe while I confine myself to life among the railroaders.

Ourtown is said by the Board of Trade to be centrally located, probably because it lies this side of almost everywhere. It is situated on both banks of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and is directly adjacent to most of the surrounding country. If it has any other virtues, we railroaders heed them not, for no one cares more about being "home" and less about what his home town is or is not than the average railroader. But do not blame us for this apparent apathy. We didn't want to be railroaders anyway. It is certain that no one goes firing on the Boston and Maine intentionally, and if there is a certain stolid indifference about us it is not to be wondered at. We have a beautiful song which we sing occasionally. It runs:

"We're here because we're here because
We're here because we're here."

The tune of "Auld Lang Syne" lends itself very readily to this poetic syllogism because it suggests nothing in particular so strongly.

Here, as in all railroad communities, the one permanent institution is the "stovepipe committee." The first thing a railroader does after he has learned to throw a switch or shovel coal is to tell about it, and for some unknown reason this avocation is called "stove-piping," probably from its suggestion of hot air. The committee meets hourly at the roundhouse, the yard office, or wherever the paths of two railroaders converge, and is always ready to transact anything but business. There is more harmless talk accomplished in these committee meetings than in the whole United States Senate. Stovepiping is an infectious disease, and whole families in Ourtown are often stricken with it. The railroader's wife may be deficient in general education, but she can usually tell you how much valve-oil Hubby used on his last trip, or what crew it was he jumped at Buckland.

We have two Y. M. C. A.'s in Ourtown. We know little about the one down-town where only Central Christians are allowed to associate, but we are quite interested in our own Association, where the Railroad Christians roll ten-pins at ten cents a corner. It's great fun—this bowling—and it reminds us so much of—well, I don't know of anything it reminds us of except ten cents a corner. And right here lies the great secret of railroad life in Ourtown. I am quite sure that this noble sport ought to remind us of something other than the sordid dime. It seems as though we

could at least construct a melancholy Parable of the Obstinate Pin, which remains standing in spite of all that brain and brawn can do, and we might ruminate philosophically on the Aim that Failed, but this is not in accordance with the Railroad Mind. No, we simply pay up or pocket the change, and the wooden pins themselves are sentimental in comparison.

It is so with life on the road. Once in a while we read railroad fiction in the magazines, or no less fictional newspaper accounts of the wrecks which occur on our own division, where the gloomy duty devolves upon us of gathering up our comrades in sections and bringing them home to be buried and forgotten. We are "heroes"—in these stories. We "stick to our posts"—when we have to. And we "meet danger and death like men"—but it is like men who know that the rent is coming due, and can't afford to quit their gruesome jobs. We know at heart that we are mercenaries, and mercenaries are sorry heroes at the best. So we smile grimly when we read these eulogies, and wait heroically for the pay car.

This is a dull, gray picture I am painting, but life among the railroaders is a dull, gray thing. There is something that hurts about it all—this getting slaughtered for two or three dollars a day. It means little to the outside world when "only a brakeman" is killed or the fireman is identified by a letter which he "happened" to be carrying in his vest pocket—on the left side. But all these things leave an undefined sting in our souls, and they draw hard lines across our features. I do not mean that it ever occurs to us that there is any organized injustice behind it all—we get our pay and that is what we are working for—but in some strange way it hurts. We do not talk about this. We don't know how to. So we stovepipe.

After all, there is something almost human about the railroader. In the busy season, with the yards blocked and the call-boy rampant, this may not be noticed. But there are quiet seasons on the road when even the firemen have time between trips to get their faces fairly clean, and the brakemen have time to remember their real names. It is then when the human traits begin to show themselves, when we learn to know each other and find each other worth knowing. It is then that Life sometimes wins out against indifference, and certain dear hearts learn that a railroader can love.

"There's a railroader and a man fighting"—for supremacy within each one of us. Some day the man will win.

CHARLES W. WOOD, Mechanicsville, N. Y.



A MONTH ago I spent a week in a great city and then came back to our town. Praised be God for our town! Praised be God for silence and greenness and dew-fall; for unpaved streets unmarred by glittering rails; for trees a century old which money could not buy.

Praised be God for real houses straggling, maybe, as to architecture, but generous of porch and kitchen and bedroom; not habitations hoisted in the air, where each human being is allowed so many inches of space.

And barns, too, they must be included in this thanksgiving. Why, I didn't see a barn in Chicago! How can human boys develop without barns? Looking down the streets of our town, one may see big barns wherein fat horses munch horse-delicacies; where the future statesmen of the country work on Saturdays at carpenter-benches, and where the haylofts perfume the air, on a damp day, with their sweet odors.

In our town life is sweet. One does not ripen as the hothouse strawberry ripens, or those pithy radishes, which we got in the city market, but as a country apple ripens with real sun. There is not the strife for improvement here, either, which they say there is in Indianapolis where no woman dare appear without a book under her arm (Henry James preferred), but we improve without the strife.

In the morning the women eat breakfast with their husbands—this is fast going out, you know—and walk to the door with them; if they are very young, they kiss them good-by. Often they call across the street to a neighbor, and the women talk a bit as their husbands go down street together. Then there are real beds in our town; we don't touch a spring, and have things shut up and pretend to be a sideboard. These beds must be aired and made up, and the windows are thrown wide and fresh air and sunshine pour in on pillows and blankets and mattress. Then the housewife puts her house in order for the day and jaunts down to the grocery; on the way she meets a friend and together they run in to the new little Carnegie Library which is a source of so much pride; then, perhaps, there is time for a shopping-bout before noon.

There is a church in our town where the Angelus is rung, and good housewives hurry their steps when those three solemn notes begin to sound. Husbands

come home at noon here. "What, not see my husband all day?" Wives are peculiar in our town. The good plain noon dinner is discussed together with the children's needs, their schooling, repairs on the house, or the setting out of new shrubs; there is a community for thought, a oneness of interest in these primitive Darbys and Joans.

After dinner he takes up the willing grind for love of her and she is content for love of him. If there is no sewing she may pay some visits, going in at real gates and walking up long flower-set paths; she does not attempt many of an afternoon, but lingers long and talks of many things.

Perhaps she goes to a sewing guild, where the women she has known from childhood meet weekly and shed their heart's blood to pay a church debt; they have exhausted the market for gingham aprons and dusting-caps, and now they are soliciting pajamas. They are in hard luck, however; all the men in our town wear nightshirts. Pajamas forsooth! They will have none of them.

Besides the Guild, there is the Reading Circle, where bad new books and good old ones are hotly discussed. There is no constitution, no dues, no officers, no rules, nothing which makes a club dear to the heart of the city woman.

When she comes home she sees her children playing about and waiting for her; they recognize her afar off—some city children don't know their mothers near at hand—and running to meet her tell her that her dress is so pretty and that she must be sure to keep it on till "papa comes." Artful one! she had intended to do this, even if it is her best, for he so loves to see her looking pretty.

Mayhap she elects to remain at home this spring afternoon, and so takes her sewing and a book or magazine out under the cherry tree in the garden. The children will know where to find her—they know this loved nook of hers. There is little passing, and she is alone with the birds and trees; the shrubs and flowers she has planted and tended are about her, it is all hers; she is supreme in this little bit of earth.

The syringa is about to bloom, the lilacs have gone; she puts by her work and takes the garden hose—how delicious the plash around the thirsty roots!—the smell of the moistened earth is as sweet as the blossoms. She breaks a branch and puts some of the blooms in her belt, some in her hair, and then loses herself in the pages of a good story until a familiar voice tells her that she is "looking mighty pretty," and she is.

And then supper and evening-quiet and home-keeping and love. The children go to bed when lessons are done and husband and wife sum up the day's happenings, the clock is striking ten and she straightens the magazines on the table while he locks the doors.

"Bridget is hanging over the gate with that cousin of hers," he says. "She'll be in soon—she's having a good time," and the lights go out and restful night has descended once more on our town.

SARAH S. PRATT, Indianapolis.



OUR town is growing; it is spreading out into the fair country and corrupting it like a cancer.

The power-houses on the brink of the falls are draining the river of its water, and the smoke of many chimneys is polluting the clean sky. We have added to the Insane Asylum and built a safe and sanitary jail, with a room in it for the especial convenience of the Boss to sober up in—for we have a Boss, and a Machine, and an Annual Deficit. We muzzle our dogs, certify our milk, and license our beggars.

At the Club we've put the waiters into purple liveries. At almost any hour of the day or night you may see an automobile or two in front of the door. Only yesterday the Silverspoon carriage passed with two men on the box without exciting the least remark. There's a new rule barring pipes in the lounging-room, and one is expected to dress for dinner.

Gether, who used to light his pipe in Mrs. Waddy's boarding-house dining-room before the rest of us had finished our prunes, and always tried to get ahead of his turn at the bath-room of a Saturday night, now that he has developed a mine in Goldfields and a poor memory for faces, takes two cold baths a day (so he says), smokes monogram cigarettes, buys his riding boots in London, and his collars at a little place opposite the Waldorf.

Hasbin, who used to live in the old stone house by the park, but went broke because he wouldn't sell and couldn't keep up the taxes, has taken to drink, and if you happen to have known him when he was the village cut-up, you'll cross the street when you see him coming. His friends chipped in and bought him a ticket West, but he sold it to a scalper and got a case of D. T.'s on the proceeds—but I must generalize.

Life in our town is full of spreading, intersecting circles, hardly distinguishable one from another, like those made by raindrops on still water. First—in the opinion of its favored members—is the Grand Avenue set. They dash up and down that thoroughfare in big, blatant automobiles, intent upon their business or their pleasure, with an Olympian disregard of the odium, envy, or admiration which they excite in the pedestrian breast. They dine late, go South in March, and follow the hounds in November. The horse show and the opera claim them in due season. Their goings and comings are chronicled by the society reporter, and their family skeletons receive an occasional airing in the columns of "Town Topics." Their daughters "come out" in due season and marry the males of their species, and their sons are entered for St. Paul's, as a stepping stone to Harvard, almost as soon as they are born.

Not the rose, but near it, are those whose general habitat is the Twelfth Ward. I can not characterize them more accurately than by saying that they keep two servants and ride in the Grand Avenue cars. The men are engaged for the most part in the absorbing game of making money, and their wives in the equally absorbing game of spending it—in all sorts of ways: dinners, teas, bridge whist, subscription dances. Their serious moments are devoted to the D. A. R., the City Hospital, and to various sorts of social "uplifting," in which they generally fail, like the lady of the fable, to "get underneath."

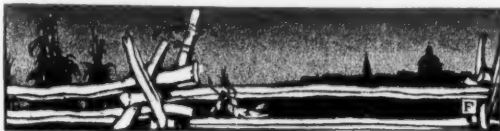
This class is constantly recruited from another, whose members keep one girl and send their children to the public schools, and it in turn shades imperceptibly off into that of the flat dwellers (if one keeps a girl it's an apartment), the bargain rushers, the gum-chewers who, in soiled kimonos and shirtsleeves people the dim limbo of "first-floor back" or "two flights up." Social life in our town is not a layer-cake but a pudding, and I despair of even naming all the ingredients, sweet and acrid, which go to make up its savor. There are the Third Warders, for example, a village community miraculously preserved, like a fly in amber, in the city's very heart. We have our little Bohemia, where we discuss Gorky, Madam Nasivoma, and the Vedanta philosophy. Miss Singer has had her voice tried for the Metropolitan Opera chorus. Dauber has won a second mention in the art exhibit of the Syracuse State Fair. The Jews inhabit their self-constituted Ghetto, from which not a few of them—prosperity aiding—migrate to Grand Avenue itself. The Germans have their Maennerchor: *olee, olea! olee, olea!* their Turn Verein: *ein! zwei!* The Italians, under our leaden northern sky, still tropic-hearted, pursue their schemes of love and of revenge. To some thousands home means a boarding-house haunted by ghosts of old boiled dinners, with a ping-pong table in the back parlor, and an overworked piano having a repertoire of Gospel hymns and rag-time in the front.

The deep, despairing note of the sweatshops is beyond the compass of my penny whistle, and I know little of the under world, the night life of our town, and my friend the postman claims that there are men

and women here who never venture out except at night. Sometimes, coming from the station, after a trip from New York, just as the dawn begins to redden I have seen them, these creatures of the darkness, scuttling out of the daylight as beetles and worms do when you lift a stone.

Such is our town, a loom of life, "unkempt, disreputable, vast," we are the threads, want is the shuttle, but the figure in the carpet only the Weaver knows.

CLAUDE BRAGDON, Rochester.



OUR town is in the corn belt, and although we are not farmers, and, indeed, quite resent that appellation, if you know what corn means of work and worry, you know our town. The old saying that corn is king simply means that no other human interest is entitled to a moment's consideration if it conflicts with crop requirements.

In January and February the man who rejoices in mild winter weather is put down as a craven ignoramus who sets personal matters like coal bills and influenza above the one public issue. Our real patriot is the man who grins from out his whiskers and his fur overcoat as he takes in his frozen thermometer and says: "This ought to be cold enough to pulverize the soil."

With the advent of March definite worry about conditions begins. If the spring is late the outlook is one of general gloom; if it is early and the know-nothing optimist is happy, the pessimist recalls the famous snow-storm of 18—, and casts a shadow over the budding trees and greening fields that looks like a coming thunder-storm. If it rains too much, how are we ever to get into the fields to do the spring plowing, and if it doesn't rain enough, of what use is the pulverizing cold we suffered during the winter?

And then come the weeds. Like other forces of evil, they seem to need no encouragement. Sunshine and moisture are always proportioned satisfactorily for them, whatever the righteous corn may think about it, and they flourish in a way to offer encouragement to any fowls of the air who are seeking accommodations.

Corn is supposed to be "knee high by the 4th of July," but it seldom is, and the groans of the pessimist on Independence Day are usually louder than the village cannon.

Corn needs hot weather, and, above all, hot nights. The man who smiles over a mild, cool summer is probably the same poltroon who didn't like ear-tabs, and said ten below was cold enough for him. Again the genuine patriot can be easily identified. He discards his coat and keeps on his collar only until the friendly darkness comes. The hot wind which has burnt and blown all day from the south dies down with the sun,

and there is not a breath stirring except the breath of our patriot who exclaims, as he mops his brow: "I'll bet you could hear it grow to-night."

But even if it is sufficiently hot and dry to satisfy the demands of King Corn, the fear of a wind-storm to lay the corn flat, or a hail-storm to riddle it, is ever with us during the summer.

But all the anxiety that has gone before is mere soothing sirup compared with the excitement of our annual race with the frost, which takes place during the early weeks of September. The cornstalks stand as high as a man's head. The field is a forest, its strong green leaves suggesting an ancestry as ancient as the oak's, rather than a mushroom growth of only ninety days. But the kernels are still soft and milky, and until they harden the whole crop is at the mercy of the first heavy frost. A light frost merely checks the showy exterior growth and brings the young giant down to the more serious business of hardening the grain. Reports of the sacrifice of tender plants and vegetables are thus gladly received the morning after a cold snap by citizens standing on the street corner thawing out in the sunshine and comparing thermometers. But the margin between this wholesome chastisement and complete destruction is a narrow one, and hopes and fears are the burden of everybody's thought and conversation! Our leading citizen when he goes out for an airing drives directly to the nearest corn-field, scrambles over the barb-wire fence in spite of his wife's protestations, strips down a big fine ear, tests it with his thumbnail, and when a drop of the milk squirts into his eye he climbs back into the family carryall, looks anxiously at the horizon and says: "We've got to have two weeks more of this weather."

The "editor" sits up till midnight to send a report of the temperature to city newspapers on nights when a cold snap threatens. The merest child knows that the wealth of the State, equal to the gold output of the whole country, is hanging in the balance. Men who do not own an acre of land, women who could not tell you why they are anxious, visitors who have not a dollar at stake, everybody crawls under the bedclothes at night with a prayer for the safety of the "King," and wakens in the morning with gratitude toward the warm sunshine. It is a tremendous struggle between the cruel and beneficent forces of nature, and no spectator but holds his breath.

But one golden day follows another, and finally some one brings in the first dented ear; the high ground is pronounced out of danger; gradually the lower and more backward spots cease to be a subject for worry, and quietly, almost insensibly, the strain relaxes, and it is all over. All over—that is, except a month or two of anxiety lest an early snow-storm should come before the corn is safely picked and stored, groans about hauling to market over muddy roads, and an indefinite period of worry because a bumper crop has brought the price so low that it is hardly worth selling.

If you are seeking a peaceful, bucolic existence, don't move to the corn belt.

HELEN V. ROBERTS, Fort Dodge, Iowa.



THE CHILDREN OF RICHMOND HAULING THE STATUE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS THROUGH THE STREETS ON APRIL 18

In May, 1893, the body of the President of the Confederate States was brought back to the old Capital of the Confederacy from New Orleans, where it had lain since the death of Davis in 1889, and deposited in Hollywood Cemetery. A fitting monument was projected; in July, 1896, the cornerstone was laid in Monroe Park; on June 3, this year, the completed monument will be unveiled. The statue of Davis is of bronze, life-size, and will stand, on the top of a central column surrounded by a colonnade, in front of an allegorical figure, "Vindictrix," representing the Spirit of the South. The monument was designed by W. C. Noland and E. V. Valentine of Richmond.

SCOTT BOHANNON'S BOND

THE MOONSHINER SHOWS HIS WORD TO BE AS GOOD

By GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE

TWO flies struggled up the pane of the courtroom window, fell buzzing to the grimy sill, and raised a tiny puff of dust in their efforts to be free.

To Miss Cabell, sitting, an incongruous but most gracious figure, behind her desk, the winged prisoners bore a curious resemblance to those in the dock. Quite as irresponsible, quite as surely following out their natures in that offense which had cost them their liberty, eight or ten moonshiners shuffled on the bench which served for the anxious seat in that temple of justice.

Virginia Cabell's father had been United States Judge in his time. Her sombre, crape-touched garments bespoke that time as recently past. In the face of many protests she had taken up stenography and, bringing to bear upon it the mind which had made able jurists and statesmen of her male kindred, excelled. She was at that interesting, that adorable point of womanhood when one could not have determined her age, but would have contented himself with saying that he would not have her younger nor older. A very handsome woman, whose beauty was her least charm, she evidently made a conscientious effort to tone down a too liberal endowment in the way of good looks, and to dress the part of the court stenographer—with the result that she appeared particularly elegant, even for her. Her clinging, trailing robes were an offense to her chief, an irate-looking, red little man from a distant State, who was substituting in the place of the regular judge. He glanced sidewise at her slim, characteristic, capable hands, as they hovered above her notebook. She wore but one ring, the conventional diamond, which perhaps also offended the judge, for he eyed it with distaste.

Several prisoners were called in turn, handled brusquely, and dismissed with varying sentences.

The judge knew neither the country nor its ways. He was aware that his stenographer knew both, and he labored under the disability of unconsciously caring too much what she thought of his decisions. But a man—even though a widower—can never exactly suggest to a young woman that she share his judicial ermine. Judge Quincy had offered his stenographer the one position in his gift suited to her sex and abilities—and she had declined it. Kindly, graciously; Virginia Cabell would never do anything in any other manner; she had the name of being able to refuse a man so that he felt it to be almost better than another woman's acceptance. She retained her lovers as friends. But Judge Quincy was to be a new experience to her.

Her tired brown eyes rested benignly upon the prisoners. It was only a few days since Virginia had given her reluctant negative. Judge Quincy's was an overexact nature at best, and his present rigorous frame of mind toward any who came under his just censure made the girl apprehensive for these evident offenders.

The next prisoner was an old man with a hawklike profile, whose piercing black eyes were set off by snow-white hair and beard. He gave his age as fifty-four. Judge Quincy stayed his stenographer's hand above her notes. "Don't write that, Miss Cabell—he'll think better of that. Why, sir?"—testily—"I'm nearly that age myself. You must certainly be ten or fifteen years older."

Born on the edge of this mountain community, used from babyhood to these people, Virginia could have groaned at such lack of tact. Yet the impassive mountaineer showed no indication of the resentment which the girl knew this high-handed tone had raised within him.

"Fifty-fo'—fifty-fo' come September," he repeated gently. "Our family all turns young, bein' black ha'ed people. I think, myse'f, that red is a faster color. But I'd ruther hit would turn white, ez to fall off. Body's head gits so cold when they're a deer-chasin' or out huntin' 'coon, ayfter the ha'r leaves 'em." His meditative gaze rested on the Judge's poll, where a reddish fringe was brushed carefully across a bare spot.

"See here," said the sandy small man rather explosively, "we'll leave the matter of hair restorers, and you tell me all about this illicit distilling." "What 'stillin'? What? An' when may this-hyer 'stillin' that troubles you so greatly have come about?" drawled the prisoner, dispassionately.

The old man had resented an infringement upon his dignity—but he got three months in prison.

As Judge Quincy curtly pronounced this sentence, he glanced fleetingly at his stenographer. Her eyes dropped immediately and discreetly to her work; but

not before he had read in them a disapproval, and a sort of aversion, which stung him beyond reason.

The next name called roused a pathetic, huddled figure on the end of the bench. As Poindexter, the clerk, pronounced the words "Scott Bohannon," this man flung up his head with a start, and sat for a moment, staring straight before him, like one suddenly awakened from sleep, while a brown hand trembled slowly toward his lips.

This one must come from the Far Cove, over beyond Big Buck Gap; Virginia knew the type well, with its race of the wild, its horror of the town. To imprison such a man was like caging a hawk. With the single lithe movement of the free hunter he was on his feet and pressing close to the rail in front of Quincy's desk. Yet in the swift action there was time and opportunity for him to thrust, safely and unseen, a small roll upon the stenographer's desk as he passed it. Virginia Cabell, after one quick glance at the man's face, understood perfectly that he feared he would be sent to jail, and wanted the money conveyed to some person. Without hesitation she pushed her papers over the bills, strong in the belief that she understood these people better than the man who was trying them, and that the purpose to which this money was to be devoted was a worthy one and would be later revealed to her.

The newcomer gave his name, "Scott Bohannon," in an eager yet hesitant tone. His eyes, full, dark, big with terror, were on the judge's—the glare of the timid woodland at intruding man. It seemed to Virginia that there should have been antlers over such eyes; she half looked for shaken vine-leaves above that startled gaze. There were great oaks in the courthouse yard; the light filtering through the dim window-panes fell in dappled shadow and shine upon the



It was the second day of July that they called him in

butternut jeans, and gave the forward thrust knee a suggestion of the shaggy goat's hide; there might a faun's hoof shelter itself beneath the ragged trousers' edge. Surely the battered, faded felt hat held nervously before the mouth concealed a reeded pipe.

"Jedge," he began, leaning heavily on the rail, breathing short, yet speaking with a decision and force which ill became a prisoner in the dock—"Jedge, I jest p'intedly cain't go to jail, this trip. I have obleege' to be home tell the last o' June. I have obleege' to."

Quincy smiled, an unkind smile. "I presume that—or some variation of it—is what every prisoner would say when he is brought into court," he observed. "If we paid attention to that sort of thing, my man, the jails and penitentiaries would be empty."

Bohannon's face fell. For some reason he had looked hopeful as he made his declaration. The hand which gripped the rolled-up hat hesitated slowly down from his lips. "Would—uh, would hit make things any better for me ef I was to—plead guilty?" he asked, in a voice that labored.

"Your lawyer will advise you about that—but if you're guilty, you'd better say so," the judge suggested briefly.

"I hain't got no lawyer," said the man simply. "I didn't have no money for to buy one." It was characteristic that he did not glance toward Virginia Cabell nor doubt that she would keep the secret of that small roll of bills which he had thrust upon her table.

He seemed to take troubled counsel with himself. Finally, "I was in the hide-out, and I was workin' at the still, when yore men tuck me," he said. "I reckon I mought say that I wasn't hired thar—but hit wouldn't be true. I had obleege' to git some money, an' I hired to work at the still."

"First offense?" asked the judge.

Finding voice in his desperation, the young man answered quickly. "Yes, suh—yes, jedge. You see, I've jest been wed; an' my wife, she's mighty young and childish—that's what makes me say that I p'intedly cain't go to jail. You see, we've done built us a cabin seb'm mile from ar'y neighbor—"

"Is your wife ill?"

The tall young hunter looked puzzled; then he replied gravely: "No, suh. She's never ill with me. She's a mighty sweet-disposed person."

An unrestrainable titter ran through the assembly.

The judge felt that he was being laughed at for not comprehending the idiom of the country. His chagrin inclined him unfavorably toward the prisoner.

"Is she sick, I mean?" he amended testily.

"No, suh, she ain't aillin'. No, she's fairly peart; but we hain't got a neighbor nearer'n seb'm mile, an' I—"

He broke off and looked dumbly at the man in authority. "Well, sir, you have an engagement to keep, back in the mountains. You feel that I ought to let you go and keep it. But I can not let men go free who break the law of the land knowingly and willfully. You should have thought of this before you went into illicit distilling."

"I did, suh," came the serious-voiced answer, free from taunt, retort, or abject entreaty. "I did study 'bout jest this very thing a-comin' to pass—but I had to take the risk."

"Well, you took the risk—knowingly, as you admit—and—"

"I didn't 'low to be ketched," put in the other simply. And the ripple of amusement which this reply sent over the spectators reddened the Judge's brow.

"This is no joking matter, my man, as you will find," he said tartly.

"No, jedge," returned the prisoner. "Hit's far from a jest with me. Ef you leave me go back to the mountings tell after the last day o' June—the last o' June—I'll come hyer peaceable an' stay in jail ez long ez you say."

This fumbling with the machinery of justice, this arrogating the privilege of treating and bargaining with his judge, should have been fatal to the man's chances; yet Quincy's reply brought a shock of relief not only to the prisoner, but to some of the auditors also. "Very well," he said, "you can go. Court sits again the first week in July. I believe it is July 3d." He conferred apart with his clerk, nodded, and turned again to the prisoner, who was making his way down the steps from the bar, half-dazed with sudden joy.

"You will furnish good bond, of course," he added dryly. "Some person owning at least one thousand dollar's worth of realty." He glanced involuntarily at his stenographer, then back to the prisoner.

"For God's sake, jedge!" cried Bohannon. "For God's sake! Don't do that—I cain't make no bond. I hain't got no friend in this hyer settlement. They hain't nobody knows me hyer, 'cep'in' them men thar that's prisoners like I am."

Judge Quincy's narrow-topped head lacked indication of benevolence; yet he was not inhuman. It would be unjust to say that he enjoyed his situation at that moment. But the very sting of that disfavor which he

read in the eyes of his auditors, and which his own soul answered, hardened him in the position he had taken. "It's bond or jail," he said coldly. "Step down there, and let the next man up."

The prisoner turned heartbrokenly; his shoulders heaved once as with a sob; the deep voice declared: "I—I dasset stay down hyer in jail, while she—I—I dasset;" and the dark eyes glanced wildly, desperately, from door to window of the court-room, so that a couple of officers drew closer and stood ready for any attempt on his part.

Bohannon yet clung to the railing, his incredulous gaze upon the face of the judge, his expression that of a suffering animal who knows not how pain may be escaped, when suddenly, on the tense stillness of the court-room, the low, smooth tones of the court stenographer spoke:

"I will sign the bond for this man, Judge Quincy."

His honor turned sharply. "Miss Cabell," he began in a remonstrant tone.

The girl affected to receive the words as a recognition and acceptance of her proposal. "You know the value of my homestead," she said simply. "It will just cover the matter."

The clerk, a silvery-haired old gentleman, who had held Virginia Cabell on his knee many times in her happy guarded childhood, shook his head. Yet when the judge attempted a whispered remonstrance, Mr. Poin-dexter said: "Your honor will be obliged to admit the bond. Miss Cabell is twenty-one—owns the land—she's the sole survivor of her family. It's entirely with her."

The judge accepted the bond shortly, almost indignantly. But the remaining prisoners later felt that they suffered for Scott Bohannon's good fortune.

In the dusk of the evening the released mountaineer came past Virginia Cabell's boarding-place to thank her and say good-by. She was standing at the gate as he came up the village street, a slender, powerful figure walking in the middle of the broad dusty way, with the smooth, silent, swinging tread of the hunter. She had returned to him his little roll of money, and a sack upon his shoulder evidently contained the things which he had told her he was to buy for the girl wife in the mountains.

"You needn't have no fear, lady," he said in that odd voice of the woodlander, the man much alone with nature, which seemed always as though it might break off midway and forget speech. "Ef I live—an' the Lord will shorely spar' me tell then—I'll be hyer befo' noon on the third day o' July."

"I'm not afraid to trust you," and Virginia leaned upon the gate and looked kindly at the man before her. "I only wish I were as sure of some other things in this world as I am that you will come back to stand your trial."

He gazed down at this embodied source of his deliverance with a sort of adoration. "Looks like they ort to be nothin' denied to sech a lady as you," he finally faltered inadequately. "Ef I had the givin' out o' blessin', I'd—" He fell silent, for lack of mere words to contain his meaning.

Virginia smiled frankly: "Well," she said, "you have one good thing for me in your hands. I'm going to sell the old place. I need the money to go to China." She laughed a little at his bewildered face. "I have a friend there, Lieutenant Emory Pate, and I'm going—"

The big, dark, deer-like eyes were all alight. "I knowed old Colonel Pate's boy," Bohannon volunteered. "Him an' me has been squirrel huntin' together many a time, when the family was up in the mountings for the summer. Lord—an' you're goin' clean to Chiny to—why, you an' Emory Pate must be fixin' to wed."

Virginia bit her lip and laughed with dancing eyes. She had not intended to speak of this; yet the money from the sale of her home was indeed to take her to the arms of her promised husband who would be stationed in Eastern waters for many months. She had refused to accept the necessary funds from him, or a loan from any of her friends; yet she characteristically risked the whole amount upon the good faith of this mountaineer.

Confidence calling for confidence, Bohannon put down the sack from his shoulder and showed her the purchases he had made for his wife: white cotton cloth and thread; some coarse flannel; a thimble, because hers had fallen down the shallow well. And he displayed the remaining money which was to take them safely through till he must return.

Virginia looked after him as, burdened though he was, he buoyantly breasted the first rise. It would have been natural for the wood god, the faun, to whom she had likened him in her own mind, to kill—at least to desert—the sick thing. He was health itself, with his clear, limpid eyes, his swift, lithe, light movements; yet he was all devotion; his health and his strength and swiftness were to carry him the sooner home to his weaker mate, that he might tend on her and cheer her.

The man slept in the mountains that night, after

climbing long in the dark. Dawn brought him to his cabin. Behind him, the valley lay in shadow, but these high places were already hazy with the promise of day. Early as it was, the little wife was up and about, and ran out at the first bay of the hound to fling herself upon him in an ecstasy of relief. She was a slim creature, with the white and red of childhood in her face, and a thick coil of straw-colored hair twisted at the back of her small head in an attempt to look matronly.

"Oh, Scott! Oh, Scotty, honey! I thort I should 'a' died, when they come an' told me you was tuck, an' likely to be jailed down to Garyville!"

"Thar, thar—hit's all right, now Laurella, honey," he soothed her. "I'm hyer—no need to be sheddin' tears now," for the little woman was weeping.

"I'm plumb foolish, 'case I'm so glad to have ye back," she protested as she clung to him, pulling him toward the cabin. "I jest got my own, lonesome snack ready, an' was gwine out to feed ol' Spot, when I heared ol' Ranger speak."

When they were seated at the board, Scott must tell her over and over of how the kind judge had forgiven and excused him—to put the anxiety of the bond upon her was not to be thought of.

"An' he jest turned you a-loose!" she repeated, again and again. "Why, that was awful friendly. Of

baby's wonderful hands and feet; his attention was called to the fact that it had a "tol'able smart head of hair right now," and it favored him, being "dark com-plected."

"I'm proud hit's a gal," he said seriously. "Hit'll be mo' company for you, Laurella. Yes, I'm plumb proud hit's a gal."

"I wanted to name the baby for the jedge down thar," whispered the little mother, with a note of disappointment in her tone. "Mebbe I could anyway. Didn't you say his name was William? I think Willie's a fine name for a gal."

Scott flinched and dared not look at her. She saw that her suggestion had not found favor.

"Ef he had a wife, I'd love to name the baby fer her," she amended.

"They was a mighty pretty lady in the cou'troom, doin' some writin'," Bohannon observed finally. "I thought the jedge seemed mighty petted on her. When I go down—an' I've got to start to-night—I'll find out what her name is. Mebbe you'd ruther call the baby fer her?"

"You got to go down to-night?" in startled, almost terrified tones.

"Yes, honey, I didn't tell ye befo', 'case I was afear'd hit would fret ye; but the truth is—"

There was an extraordinary sound near the foot of the bed; Bohannon looked up in alarm to see Aunt Drusilla shaking her head and contorting her features in what was meant to be a warning manner, while she cleared her throat again to attract his attention.

A second look at his wife's pale, anxious little face was enough.

"W'y they's a-er—a matter o' business, Laurella," he floundered helplessly; Scott had been, from his boyhood up, no good at a lie. "They's a little matter o' business, greatly to my advantage, an' yo'rs, that'll come up on the third day o' July, an' I have obleeged to be thar. You don't mind," he went on hastily, as he saw the blue eyes swimming in tears. "You won't mind"—his own eyes roved desperately in quest of something to comfort her—"when you know hit's somethin' that'll be best fer the baby, too. An' I'll find out that young lady's given name," he concluded triumphantly. "Don't you dast to name my baby gal tell her daddy gits back." And with a show of jollity, he was got out of the room, to receive a lecture from Aunt Drusilla. But that good woman's face lengthened considerably when she learned what his visit to Garyville really was, and weighed the chances of his being detained there in jail for months.

"Don't you go back," she counseled. "Never mind the bond—hit'll nigh about kill Laurella, ef yo're jailed."

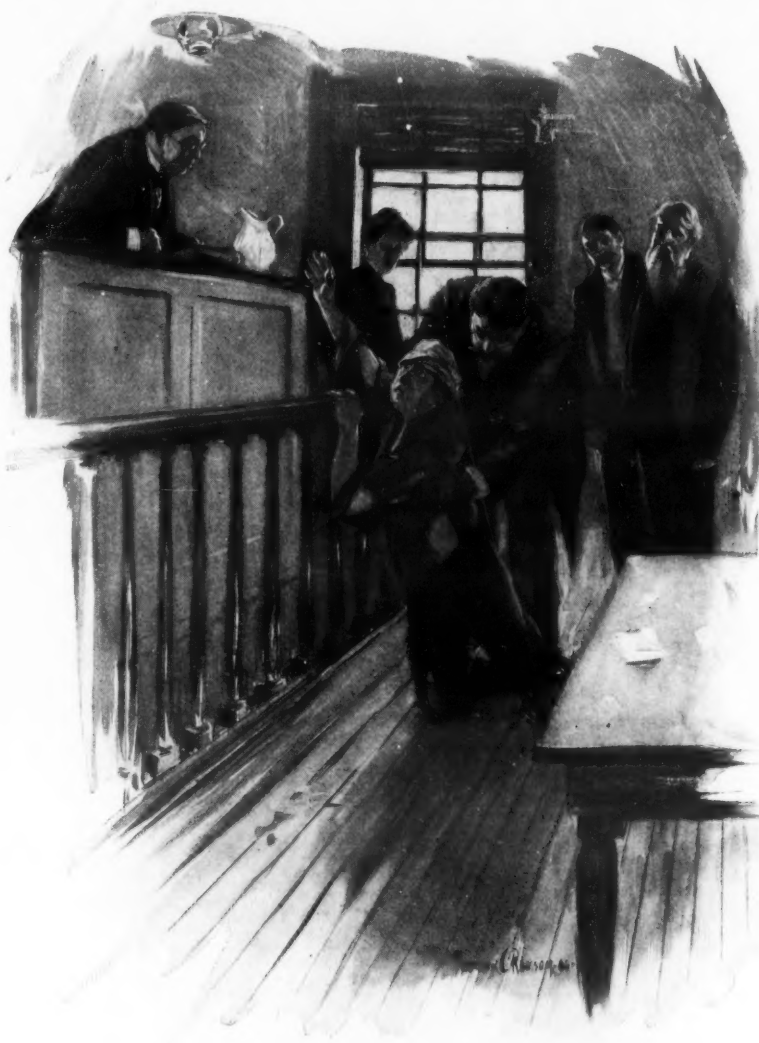
"No hit won't," replied the man, sombrely, but resolutely. "She's past danger now; the crop hit's all laid by; an' she can live tell I git back. Laurella would want me to go an' make good my word. I would tell her the whole confusion; ef she wasn't down in the bed, an' you say hit would pester her. But you got to tell her—you got to tell her, Aunt Drusilla, jest ez soon ez you think she can stand hit."

The time was perilously short. Bohannon tied some food in a handkerchief, made his brief farewell, and set off down the mountain in haste. He traveled at top speed in a long, lithe, swinging gait; for there was an early moon which aided him at first; but it set about midnight, and as its crescent dipped below the horizon there rose the first shuddering

murmur of a mountain thunder-storm. Coming to the point where Big Buck Short Cut left the main traveled trail, "I'll chance hit," he whispered. "An' I need hit all, ef I'm gwine to git thar in time." He plunged into the deeper darkness of the Cut, and he was still in the timber when a colder air came to his nostrils, and the great trees began writhing and twisting, beating their branches together. "This hyer looks mighty bad," he said aloud, and the thunder drowned his voice, the wind blew the words back in his face. He dared not slacken pace, and in the pitchy blackness of the storm he ran against tree trunks and tripped over roots, falling only to spring up and go on—before him always the beautiful face of the woman who had risked her all on his faithfulness.

The cracking and threshing of limbs overhead, or the crash and rushing sound when one was wrenched loose and dropped through the tree-tops, warned him of his imminent danger. The lightning became almost continuous. And by its baleful glare, which terrified him beyond words, making him long to creep under a cliff and crouch there safe and dry till the storm abated, he pushed ahead, bruised, breathless, his torn clothes streaming with water, making for the mountain thoroughfare. Once in the highway, he would be comparatively safe.

Upon a moment of darkness followed a lightning flash which showed him the open road through a gap in the trees. He leaped for it with a gasped "Thank God!" But even in the instant of his springing forward a fiercer gust lashed across the mountain flank,



He fixed on the judge his wild sunken eyes

course, he could see that you was a good man—anybody could see that—"loyally; "but I think he must be a mighty kind-hearted somebody. I wusht I had anything on airth to—to—fitten to offer him."

And in the days that followed, as Scott tilled the little farm, and got the crop laid by so that he might be spared for the journey of which only he knew, Laurella's innocent fondness toward the wonderful and benevolent judge continued to overflow. She never lifted a ladle of butter from her cedarn churn without wondering if it would be good enough to send the judge. She had a few fowls, and she speculated upon the propriety of a setting of eggs as an offering. There was nothing produced upon the poor, rocky, little mountain farm which she did not canvass as a possible gift to send to the kind judge the next time Scott went down to the settlement.

So time wore on. June days in the mountain are the most beautiful days imaginable; yet Scott Bohannon saw them pass with fear and trembling. Finally, the word was given him that he must go for the old mountain woman who was to be with the little Laurella through her time of trial, and for whose payment the small remnant of the money had been strictly reserved. It was the second day of July that they called him in to see the young mother with her baby laid beside her on the pillow.

"A fine gal—an' both on' em feelin' as peart as you need to ask," Aunt Drusilla said as she pushed him into the room.

He went and sat beside the bed, and was shown the

bringing destiny in its hand. It laid hold upon the top of a tall dead tree which last winter's storms had spared for this purpose; the old oak swayed, bowed toward him, and with a rending roar carried him down, bleeding, struggling in the blackness.

At first he lay as one dead. Then burst forth afresh the pattering gush of the rain. His hair was drenched with it; it was flung in his face as from a cup. "The bond—the bond! My God, I've ruin't her—I'll be too late!" he moaned, and writhed where he lay pinned fast. The movement cost him consciousness, and he swooned again.

Meantime, history had been making in Garyville. Judge Quincy had found courage to ask his stenographer what superior opportunity had led to her refusal of William Host Quincy. Informed of her engagement to Lieutenant Pate, and her expectation of being married at Peking six weeks after her resignation should take effect, he very easily guessed that the sale of her homestead was to furnish funds for that journey.

Much must be forgiven a nervous dyspeptic—having once forgiven him the nervous dyspepsia. To that ailment, then, one may lay the fact that Judge Quincy regretted his second conference with his stenographer more than the first; that he felt he had condescended, and to no end, since he, a man of family, of wealth and influence, was passed over for a penniless naval officer. Taking all things together, the judge may be pardoned a certain satisfaction when the opening of court failed to find Scott Bohannon present, and it appeared likely that the bond would be forfeited. This satisfaction of his was, however, not of a pleasurable sort—if one may make such a paradox. It partook of the nature of suffering. It reddened his brow, set his fingers to trembling, and made him answer at random when spoken to.

A Southern village is wonderfully like a large family. Everybody knows everybody else's affairs, in the kindest and most affectionate manner. Virginia Cabell's engagement to Emory Pate was satisfactory to a community which opined that the two young people were just made for each other. Her stiff-neckedness in refusing to be helped to that journey abroad, and desiring to sell her home that she might make it, was—after considerable discussion and some unfavorable comment—decided to be, on the whole, creditable to her, and "just like all the Cabells; independent and touch-me-not in their notions." Now, old ladies who knew little about the conduct of the judiciary, expressed freely the belief that Judge Quincy was an upstart—it is to be feared that some of them added, an upstart Yankee—and indignantly asserted that if he were any part of a gentleman he would find some way not to take Miss Virginia's home from her.

"Lawful heart!" commented Mrs. Tazewell, with whom Virginia boarded, "how does that man know but what that poor forsaken gump of a moonshiner has done gone and fell down a well or something? And like as not he'd lose count of the days—him not being where there's morning papers and trains coming in—and lope in here two days late. I wanted to advise Judge Quincy, but land! I wished I'd kept my advice to myself. He gave me to understand that the law was the law; and if that there man didn't walk in right to the minute, Miss Virginia's home was gone—the old Cabell place, where her father died, and where she was born!"

"Well, there's one thing," said the minister's wife, to whom she was speaking, and she said it unofficially, for she spoke in a most unchristian frame of mind, "if that man takes her house away from her and goes to

living in it, he needn't expect the best people in Garyville to notice him!"

Only Virginia Cabell seemed quite calm. "But that's her way," Mrs. Tazewell explained. "She's a red Indian to stand torture, and keep her feelings hid." The girl had come and gone quietly between her home and the court-house every day, always just so composed, so smiling, so serene, that nobody felt like commiserating or offering assistance.

In the court-room the morning session of the 3d of July drew to its noon close. Upon the stroke of twelve Scott Bohannon's bond would be forfeit, and Virginia Cabell penniless. Judge Quincy had taken up a minor matter or two, quietly refusing a request to move the Bohannon case upon the docket. Virginia sat very pale, and rather glad that the question under discussion before the court had been amusing and not pathetic. She felt that any touch laid upon her feelings would bring a humiliating burst of tears. So she was pleased to listen while the man who had engaged to bring the body of a certain person into the court explained to his honor that the body of that person got drunk, and that the worshipful sheriff took the said body from him. There was a flurry of laughter over this; but the girl's pallor deepened as she noted that Judge Quincy was pushing his papers nervously together and parting his lips to say that court was adjourned—after which she knew he must turn to her and announce that Scott Bohannon's bond was forfeited.

She sat looking down at her fingers to keep from seeing his face. Finally, in wonder that he did not speak, she glanced up. He was gazing toward the back of the room, where some disturbance had arisen, and his interest in the matter held back his speech. Two people were craning their necks toward the side lights around the door. Suddenly a man jumped from his seat, pushing his way through the spectators on the threshold, and plunged down the steps.

From far up the village street came a stir and the sound of cheering. Along its route, men ran out of their stores and offices; women came to door or window, and then hurried out to their gates. Down the middle of the dusty way, just as Virginia had seen him walk with the sack on his shoulder, came a tall mountaineer with a bloody cloth about his brow, and torn clothing on his limbs. His face was death-white, his eyes bloodshot. He staggered as he walked, sometimes lurching and stumbling so as almost to fall. But when he saw the clock upon the court-house, he broke into a shambling run, that was like the last gallant effort of an overdriven horse, and there burst from his laboring breast a strange, hoarse, formless cry.

"Clear the door thar! Clear the door, gentlemen!" roared Big Dave Partridge, the marshal (it was he who had run out to see what was the disturbance). With the words, he swung his long arm; and up the lane thus made he pushed and supported the ghastly, tottering figure. On up the aisle Bohannon reeled, coming to an abrupt stop at the bar. Ashen, trembling through all his slender body, he fixed on the judge his wild, sunken eyes—the big, dark, blood-streaked eyes of a spent stag. Quincy half rose, wincing and flinching.

And well he might. It seemed incredible that less than twenty-four hours, of whatever physical agony and anguish of mind, could have so marred and ravaged and wasted a visage. The apparition thrust up a shaking arm, as though to take the oath; the dry lips parted; but nothing articulate answered the convulsive effort of throat and chest. Again came the heart-shaking,

formless, almost unhuman sound. He yawned, struggling, coming to his knees; his elbows caught upon the railing of the bar, and he seemed to be stretching piteously, imploring hands across it, as Big Dave eased him down to the floor.

Pocket flasks were reached forward by eager, helpful hands. For the first time during her tenure of it, Miss Cabell left her post, hurrying to the prostrate form, with her handkerchief, and a glass of water she had caught up, the clerk of the court following and supporting her. Poindexter's gray head bent over the unconscious man, close beside Virginia's dark tresses. What he saw must have stirred deep anger in him—and besides, he had an instinct for the dramatic. Straightening up and turning toward the thoroughly uncomfortable judge, he said in his full, round, clerk's voice, that penetrated to every corner of the room:

"Your honor, the body of Scott Bohannon is in court!"

Intense silence, broken by the sound of running feet on the walk outside, and a woman's sob from the back of the room.

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, is it?" responded Judge Quincy sharply. "The man's not—he isn't—dead, is he?"

His chief's look of positive dismay should have appealed to Poindexter; but that gentle old gossip had been a gallant soldier in his day, and his sympathy did not naturally flow out to a man who found it easy to take harsh and arbitrary action, and hard to face the consequences of those acts. He dropped his head a little and looked defiantly at the judge:

"I used the words in their legal sense," he said, in his most uncompromising drawl. "The man's a-comin' to, all right. He'll be able to go to jail—time your honor would like to send him."

"Jail! To jail!" echoed Quincy, recoiling as though the other had mentioned something unknown in the proceedings of that court. "What do you take me for, sir?" The judge hesitated—glancing about him. He looked mostly upon backs and shoulders. Where he saw a face it was full of aversion and accusation.

Poor Quincy! Of those unfortunate driven by a perverse angel to aggress, to antagonize, and to shrink sensitively when this comes back to them in resentment and misliking; to plant hatred and estrangement, ever futilely desiring love and sympathy. For at bottom of his exacting, irritable, quarrelsome soul there was, after all, a great fund of humanity, a warm throbbing response to his fellow creatures. And he could be noble, too, if he were but deeply enough hurt to make him only a little self-forgetful. So now he took Poindexter sharply by the shoulder; his glance went swiftly from the clerk's face to that of Miss Cabell, to rest at last on the pallid countenance she bent above; he burst out impulsively:

"I may be an outsider—a rank outsider; I may not understand the people here, nor their ways. I—we—it is human to make mistakes. But"—his tone deepened—"but I know a man when I see one."

There was a breath of relief amid the close-packed crowd. Something like a smile began to show upon Poindexter's angry, tense face; tears brimmed the kind eyes Virginia lifted to the speaker's.

"I take off my hat to a country that breeds such men as this," with a passionate gesture toward the mountaineer's prostrate form. "Mr. Poindexter, you may place it on record that the case of the United States against Scott Bohannon is dismissed."

PEACE AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

AMONG the resolutions adopted by the recent Peace Congress in New York was one reciting that the time had arrived for decided action toward the limitation of the burden of armaments. This shows how much more practical idealists sometimes are than those who boast of being practical politicians and practical business men, without any sentimental illusions. If ever there was a hard, unsentimental business proposition, offering sure benefits in dollars and cents, it is that of reducing the burden of the world's preparations for war; if ever there was a problem capable of simple and easy solution that is it; yet the men who have assumed the responsibility of governing mankind stand indifferently before it, as before a thing too visionary or too difficult to be attempted.

The Costly Military Make-Believe

LET us leave sentiment entirely aside, and confine ourselves solely to facts. In the past thirty-six years there has been no war between any two of the great white Powers of the world. There has been only one war between two great Powers of any kind. That was between Russia, which had spent \$236,000,000 in the previous year on her army and navy, and Japan, which had spent \$37,000,000. Russia had an army of over a million trained men on a peace footing; Japan had one of 167,000. Russia had twenty-three battleships built and building; Japan had six. Russia was beaten. It has been forty-one years since Austria or Italy faced a great Power in the field. England's last great foreign war ended fifty-one and America's ninety-two years ago. Yet these nations lug around the clanking panoply of war as if they expected to find enemies lurking in every doorway. One of Mr. Carnegie's German guests said that he had no sympathy with the peace movement, because his profession was war. He meant that his profession was that of parading in uniform. The present German army has never fought a battle,

or even a skirmish, against white men. The great Imperial War Lord has never heard a shot fired except at a target. The entire rank and file of the German host has been renewed a dozen times since the bugles last sounded a charge against a real enemy. Yet the dress rehearsal, by land and sea, of a war that never comes, costs the German people the services of about six hundred and fifty thousand able-bodied men all the time, and in addition to depriving the nation of their labor, compels the men who really work to scrape together \$250,000,000 a year to support them. And all the other military Powers are in like case.

Now, what would be needed to lighten this burden that presses so heavily upon all the great nations of the world? Simply a degree of intelligence and good faith in the world's rulers remotely approximating that attained by railroad presidents in devising and keeping a "gentlemen's agreement" to maintain rates. No question of relative power is involved. If Germany and France are secure against each other when each has six hundred thousand men under arms, they would be equally secure if each had only three hundred thousand. If England and Germany can be safe with sixty and twenty-five battleships respectively, they would be no less safe with thirty-six and fifteen. The formulation of a detailed scheme for the limitation of armaments would be infinitely simpler than the construction of a railroad freight tariff. The agreement once formulated, there would remain only the question whether the governments would be honest enough to stand by it.

Take, for example, the question of naval armaments. The fundamental fact here is England's belief that her safety from starvation and ruin depend upon her maintenance of a navy at least as strong as any other two fleets combined. That belief has led to a settled determination, which only one country in the world is rich enough to challenge. The United States could outbuild England if it chose, but Americans have too much practical sense to engage in any such costly and

useless enterprise. Germany can not do so—an attempt to do it would only plunge her into bankruptcy. The present race in which England lays down two ships to Germany's one merely piles burdens on both countries without changing their relative positions. Then why should not both agree to accept the relative position and stop the race? Suppose total tonnage were adopted as the test. Let the present tonnage of the British navy be fixed as the maximum, and let every other country be pledged not to exceed half of it. Within those limits the character of construction could be free. The Powers could divide their quotas as they pleased among battleships, armored cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, and submarines. That would give ample scope to naval ingenuity, and permit competition to continue in a way that would not pile new burdens on the public. It could be provided that as obsolete ships were stricken from the navy lists only half of their tonnage should be replaced, until the British Navy had been reduced from its present bulk of nearly two million tons to a million, and the fleet of each of the other great naval powers to half a million.

Agreement or Bankruptcy

THE limitation of armaments is bound to come sooner or later, from the sheer exhaustion of some of the combatants. The only question is whether it shall come now, by reasonable agreement, or later, when certain Powers have gone into bankruptcy. It is certain that when governments can raise no more money to buy ships and guns, no more ships and guns will be bought. The present situation is one of physical peace, but of financial war. It is simply a question of who can throw coins into the sea the longest. In such a competition the United States has the least of all to fear and England next. The inevitable losers are those European Powers that now dismiss the idea of limiting armaments as a fad of visionaries or an Anglo-Saxon plot.



PLAYS & PLAYERS

By ARTHUR RUHL

ERMETE NOVELLI, the Italian, belongs to a school of actors and of acting very different to what we are accustomed in America. For one thing, he knows how to act. I do not mean by this that the pleasure he gives an English-speaking audience is necessarily of a superlative and transcendental quality which blots out the suspicion that actors occasionally inhabit the American stage—indeed, I would rather hear Mr. Sothorn read "Hamlet" than Mr. Novelli, and I am frank to say that I would rather be boiled in oil or see "Brown of Harvard" than sit again, from eight o'clock until after midnight, through Novelli's "Othello"—but merely that one needs only one's eyes to see that, in versatility and the facile technique depicting emotion by physical expression, this Italian virtuoso knows more in a minute, as the saying goes, than most of our actors would in a thousand years.

Here is a man who is, first of all, and unblushingly, a play-actor. So many of our entertainers, if they were professional pugilists, would insist that it be understood they were gentlemen. He is interesting for what he does on the stage, and not because he is a Knight, or may or may not be nice to his family, or has a palace in Venice or a house on Riverside Drive, or is a perfect gentleman and a scholar off the stage, and really just as nice as we are. He is born for the part. He has a long hooked nose, high cheek-bones, deep-set, salient eyes, and a broad, mobile mouth. His fingers, even the thumb, are covered with rings. He is a professional, proud to show his skill, and it much depressed him that, during his short stay here, out of a repertoire of a hundred or more plays, he could only present practically all of the great Shakespearean rôles, a number of comedies, and a few detached monologues. He reminded one of that Simon L'Ouvrier, described by Mr. Gouverneur Morris in an ingenious fictitious biography printed in this paper some months ago. L'Ouvrier, you will remember, determined to be an actor while yet a boy in his father's bakeshop, and he used to whip out a pocket-mirror and practise making faces while tending cakes in the oven. He presented himself to a Paris manager, counted from one to ten in Arabic, in a sad voice, and said: "That is how I lost her," and tears rolled down the manager's face. Then he began at one again and counted in a comic manner, and the manager roared with laughter before he got to five. "Give me five minutes," said L'Ouvrier to him, "and I will die of consumption; it is not pretty, but I can do it; or, if you prefer, I will have an epileptic fit, or strangle myself." In the end, when the doctor assured him that he was dying, L'Ouvrier replied: "Look, I am improving—I am getting better"; the color came into his cheeks, his temperature and pulse became normal, he joked like one who has passed a serious climax, and then exclaimed hilariously: "I can still do it!" collapsed and died.

A Man Who Plays a Hundred Parts

IN his virtuosity, in the close observation and pathological accuracy on which his realism is built, in his behavior toward his audience, there is much of this "I-can-still-do-it" business in Ermete Novelli. When he had a long soliloquy, he generally came down to the footlights and talked directly at the orchestra. He did not hesitate himself, nor forbid his company, to step out of the part, and bow to applause when this happened to break forth in the middle of a scene. After his delightful "Papa Lebonnard," instead of sending his audience home with the impression of the quaint, altogether likable old bourgeois father intact in their minds, he must needs hold them for half an hour until he could come out in his own street clothes, with derby hat and stick, and, leaning on his cane, just over the footlights after the manner of the music-hall impersonator, "get off" a rather commonplace humorous monologue, describing types of playgoers in the average audience. Probably you would rather have had your nice old clockmaker without this jarring postscript, and I must confess that I much prefer to have actors suppress their desire to bow to curtain-calls, at least until the curtain goes down. Mr. Novelli and his colleagues might assert, however, that this merely proved the Anglo-Saxon lack of that fluid wit and quick artistic instinct which permits the Latin to shift back and forth constantly between reality and the conventions of the stage. Each to his taste.

In his own country Novelli is best known as a character and comedy actor, and in spite of his extraor-

dinary versatility and the cleverness with which he got away, so to speak, with "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Othello," his work here confirmed the impression that comedy is his natural and most successful vein. The architecture of his face—the long nose, high cheek-bones and broad, mobile mouth, spreading so easily into the comedian's grin; the husky voice—powerful, but without variety or resonance—giving to the liquid Italian a curiously muffled, almost Yiddish accent at times; his mannerisms, that hoarse, half-ironical, "Ah-ha! Ah-ha!" and that raising of the hands, palms outward, with lifted eyebrows, then clapping them together again—all these things seemed more especially the equipment of a comedian. His "Hamlet," frankly mad much of the time, lacked fineness, grace, and all that intellectual quality which, for example, gives the "Hamlet" of Mr. Forbes-Robertson such distinction.

Handling Shakespeare Without Gloves

HIS "Othello," a marvel in make-up, was turgid and monotonous, toward the end degenerating into mere howling. He may have been an African, but he was not the Moor of our literature, nor of Shakespeare. His death scene, a triumph of pathological detail, with the Moor rolling about on the floor, sawing his throat with a dagger, choking and coughing blood horribly, was realistic, but the only effect it had on the audience was to blot out whatever of the Moor's dignity and tragedy had survived the long-drawn-out acts, and send them away convinced only of the fact that Othello had lungs, a thorax, a great deal of blood, and took a very unnecessary and vulgar time in dying.

In "The Merchant of Venice," however, his close observation and unquenchable comedy sense brought



The Italian actor Ermete Novelli as Shylock

about a happier result than our Shakespearian performers generally permit us to see. This Shylock was a man, and not the solemn allegory into which generations of awe-struck contemplation have conventionalized Shakespeare's Jew—a very vigorous, vivid, cheerful personality; not without a lively sense of humor, even, and a quick, sardonic grin; one who even went trundling round the stage in the drollest and most plausible sort of dervish's dance when he heard that Antonio's galleons had been lost. It was a Shylock, overacted at times from our point of view, but with a picturesqueness, sanity, and a warm plausibility such as our stage has rarely seen.

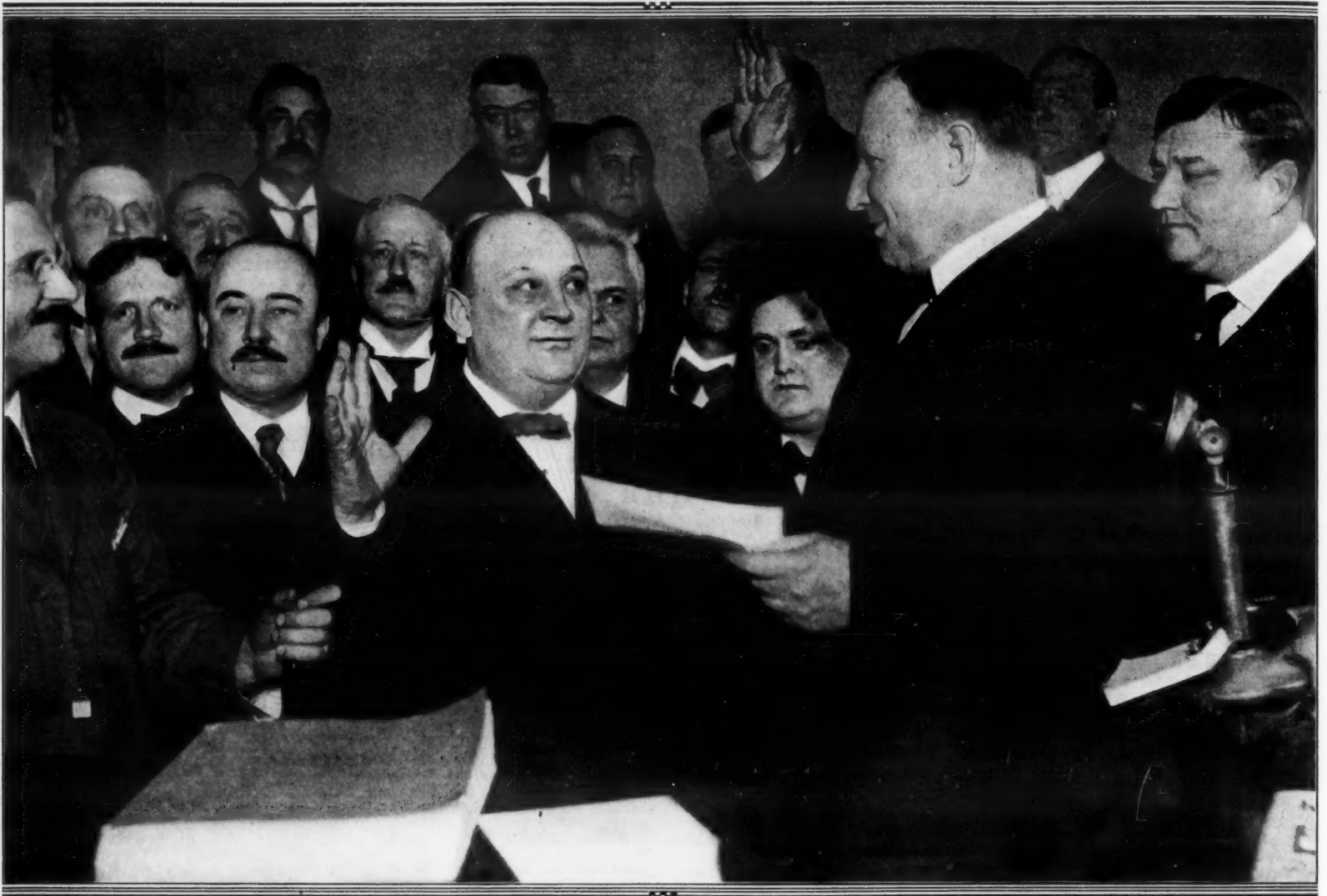
Even when failing to realize our ideas of Shakespeare, Novelli's performances were constant processions of facile technique, delightful to watch for their mere physical fluidity. Such, for instance, was that little formula of business accompanying the "Words, words, words," which answer Polonius's, "What do you read, my lord?" "Parole," said Hamlet, eying the old man mysteriously, as he deliberately tore a leaf out of his book and let it flutter to the floor. "Parole," he repeated, with a slightly different inflection, tearing out another leaf and tossing it away. Then he tore out a third leaf, flipped it more disdainfully aside, gestured once down, once up, with a satirical "Pouf!" then spread out both hands, palms outward, lifting his shoulders and eyebrows at the same time. "Parole!" said he. There is a certain fascination about such a facile clap-trap as this, which any one fond of the theatre and of acting can watch with unalloyed delight till the cows come home.

This was Novelli's first appearance in New York, although he has played in Mexico, in Paris and Berlin and St. Petersburg, in Greece, Rumania, and Egypt. He was supported by an excellent company. For the lighter male parts there was the engaging Mr. Betrone, and for solid ones the very able Mr. Ferrati. The heavier women's rôles fell to Miss Giannini, who occasionally looked not unlike Miss Lillian Russell, while the lighter parts were assumed by Miss Rossi, a tall, fragile Botticelli sort of person with slim fingers so long that she rather quaintly kept them tucked up on her wrists somewhere, until in some moment of emphasis they flashed out in all their astounding length and taperingness. Her voice made silver and ivory of the Italian lines. As a whole, the company was a vivid reproach to our one-personality system and to some of our more egoistic stars.

Punishing Our Ancientest Enemy

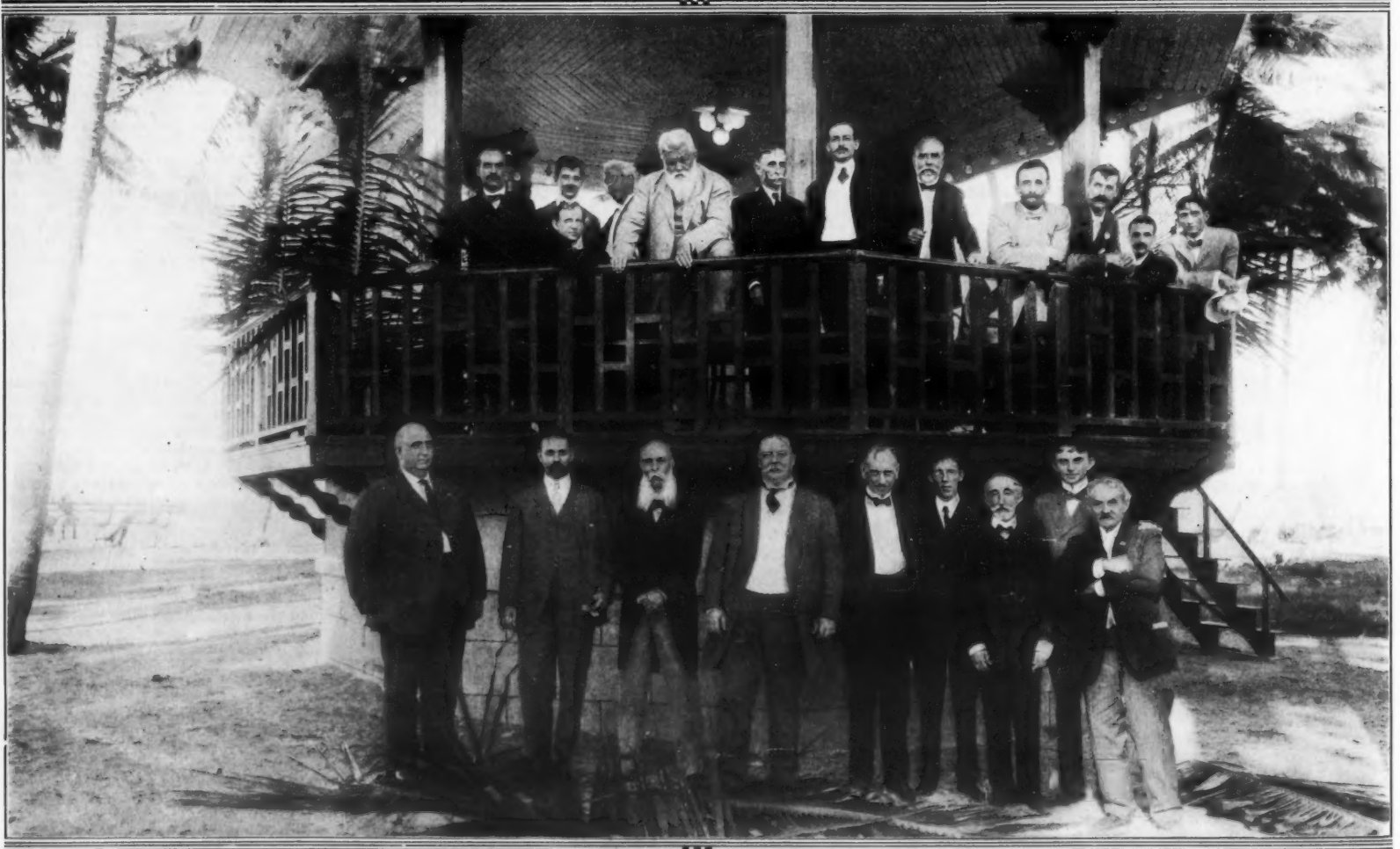
EVERYBODY wants to be rich. All modern novelists agree on this. *Bucno!* Now suppose, by buying a theatre seat for "Brewster's Millions," every one can sit for two hours in fascinated contemplation of a young man just like himself, whose only sorrow was that he had so much money he couldn't spend it fast enough! One relative left him a million dollars, whereupon another, who hated the first, told the young man that if he would spend every cent of the million in a year he would give him seven millions. He could not give the money away; he must spend it for value received, show receipts for every dollar, and present himself at the year's end with nothing but his clothes to cover him. It was not so easy as it looked. He bought bad stocks, bet on poor horses. The rank outsiders won, the stocks went up. But he succeeded at last, even though a misguided clerk who had stolen thirty thousand dollars from him insisted on being romantically good and returning it in a bundle within a few seconds of the hour when the year was to be up.

Consider for an instant the emotions of a spectator who walks thirty-five miles a week to avoid cab-fare, hearing young Brewster order a cab for the next morning as he goes to bed the night before. "Tell him to wait," says he. Flowers for the ladies, theatre-boxes and presents for one's friends, telegrams instead of letters, with all the "the's," adjectives, and prepositions left in, and "please answer collect"—the universe is turned upside down. There is the Money Devil, broken and bitted, driven about the stage to the crack of the whip. Bravo Brewster! Give him another—soak him one for me! There's our worst enemy—Life's Bully—helpless for once and at our mercy. It is a very amusing play, very ingeniously staged, and brightly acted, but our admiration for the details is lost in admiration for the genius who devised so divinely simple and universally cheering an idea.



"POP" ANSON SAYS "PLAY BALL" IN THE NEW MUNICIPAL GAME AT CHICAGO

Mayor-elect Fred. A. Busse, who vanquished Mayor Dunne on the immediate municipal ownership issue, taking the oath on April 6 before City Clerk Anson, who, before he descended from baseball to politics, was the greatest man in Chicago. Mr. Busse is seen surrounded by types of the statesmanship expected to dominate his administration



SECRETARY TAFT AND HIS PARTY AT BORINGNEN PARK, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

Mr. Taft spent four days in Porto Rico, beginning with his arrival at San Juan in the *Mayflower*, on Sunday, April 14. He was received by the crack Porto Rican Regiment, and witnessed the inauguration of Regis H. Post as Governor on the 18th. The party crossed the Island to Ponce by one road, found the country prosperous, and returned by another

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

THE BLIGHT OF FAMINE

THE two great neighbor empires of Europe and Asia, Russia and China, containing together a third of the human race, are in the grip of a calamity which, in the matter of human suffering, reduces the disasters of San Francisco and Valparaiso to utter insignificance. Famine is not as dramatic as earthquake and fire, but it brings long-drawn torture and death to millions where the more spectacular catastrophe brings inconvenience to thousands. The most pathetic feature of the distress in Russia and China is the suffering of the children. Everywhere they are the first to die. Some of the reports from the famine districts of China tell of parents killing their children and eating them. Many tell of men selling their wives and families for a few dollars. The starving people wander from one stricken district to another, scratching roots and blades of grass from the soil and scraping bark from trees. In Russia, while the Government wrangles with the Duma and pours out money for guns and powder, twenty million people are suffering, a million are at the point of death and five dollars—the price of a hundred cartridges—is named as the price that would save a child's life.

A singular apathy on this subject seems to prevail in the countries immediately affected. Appeals for European and American assistance have been made, and some money has been collected, although nothing to compare with the amounts that have been raised on former occasions of much less need. But the Russian and Chinese Governments seem to be absorbed in other matters. The Zemstvo relief organizations need the trivial sum of three million rubles—about \$1,500,000—to continue their work, which has come almost to a standstill. They have been unable to persuade the Government to give it, although it is able to keep a million soldiers under arms to overawe its people. The money raised among the rich residents of St. Petersburg and Moscow to save the lives of a million starving Russians is described as approximating "the amount which would be raised in Paris or New York for the widow and orphans of a fireman or a policeman who died in the performance of his duty." Yet these people have plenty for their own amusement. "More money is squandered in theatres of an unedifying description, and in *cafés chantants* than would be required to carry the starving safely through this crisis and until the next crops." Moreover, it is expected that the Government's profits on the sales of vodka this year will amount to 725,000,000 rubles or \$362,500,000. That is to say, the Russian people are drinking so much of one kind of liquor that the mere profits on its sale would end the famine ten times over.

China is equipping a great modern army. She is not to be blamed for this, for the aggressions of the military Powers have shown her that the only way to make herself respected is to be prepared to fight for her rights. But the money that is swallowed by this force, which, when it is fully organized, is expected to number half a million men with the colors, would save the children who are being eaten by starving parents. The Chinese Government has given a single order in Germany for two million rifles, each of which may be taken to represent the cost of two or three lives in the famine districts.

While the British Government was spending hundreds of millions on the Boer War, the charity of the world had to save the lives of millions of

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

CONTENTS

The Blight of Famine	23
Canada's Expenses	23
The Candidates	23
A Year After the Fire	24
Morals for Lawyers	24
The Peace Congress	27
Critics Taking Heart	27
The British Budget	27
Too Poor for City Cars	28
Appeals for Criminals	28

starving subjects in India. The world is confronted with the same duty now. The Russian and Chinese Governments could save their own people, but they have other uses for their money. The suffering people are not to blame for that. When five dollars will preserve a child's life, humanity can not stop to consider who is under the most particular obligation to pay it. The obligation rests upon anybody that can spare the money, and nobody can justify his neglect to his own conscience by the reflection that the duty of somebody else is clearer.

CANADA'S EXPENSES

CANADA is beginning to realize some of the responsibilities of greatness. She is finding that it costs money to run the government of a grown-up country. The supplementary estimates for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1908, amounting to \$10,941,558, raise the total estimates for the year to \$116,631,077. In view of the fact that Canada does not have to maintain an army, a navy, a pension system or a diplomatic service, this is doing pretty well. It is more than it cost to run all the civil branches of the Government of the United States, not counting the Post-Office, as lately as the year before the Spanish War, when the United States had seventy million people. Canadians have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that their national expenses are a good deal less than those of New York City, which has only two-thirds the population of the Dominion. Canada spent only \$55,612,833 in 1904 and \$63,319,683 in 1905. Her budget has more than doubled in four years, and although her population has been increasing in the same time it can hardly have grown at any such rate as that. The enormous increase in expenditures on domestic matters, which has subjected the Government to bitter criticism from its political opponents, offers small inducement to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to add new burdens in the shape of contributions to Imperial armaments.

The appropriations made by the late "two-billion-dollar Congress" at Washington, even including the enormous outlays on the army, navy, and pensions, amounted only to about twelve dollars per head of the population of the United States. Canada's budget is about nineteen dollars per head.

THE CANDIDATES

SECRETARY TAFT returned from his tour of inspection to Panama, Cuba, and Porto Rico on April 22. He gave out a formal statement describing the results of his observations in dry official terms that betrayed no secrets. In one respect he disclosed a surprising lack of sympathetic feeling. President Roosevelt had enthusiastically urged citizenship for the Porto Ricans. Mr. Taft dismissed it with the airy remark: "Two political questions that are made the subject of frequent discussion, for lack of something else in the present happy condition of the people, are the question of citizenship and the question whether the Executive Council shall be elective."

Mr. Taft's return dispelled the rumors that the challenge launched by his brother at Senator Foraker had been issued without his approval. He came back ready to fight. He was not disposed to enter into a joint debate; he still cherishes a distaste for open scrambling for a nomination on the part of Presidential candidates, but he is "in the hands of his friends." Representative Burton is on hand, ready to do any oratorical fighting Mr. Foraker may require.

Senator Dick, who is still the nominal owner of the Hanna machine, although it is liable to get away from him any day, has publicly announced his loyalty to Foraker. He artlessly professes confidence that his colleague, as President, "would not carry out a reactionary policy that would cripple the railroad development of the country." Mr. Dick admits that if a contest should come now between President Roosevelt and Senator Foraker, the vote would probably favor the President, but he thinks that in June, 1908, the result would be different.

While President Roosevelt is zealously cheering on the Taft campaign, he has not overlooked alternative possibilities. He has thrown himself into the legislative campaign of Governor Hughes of New York with a vigor that strains civil service conventionalities. If the adjournment of the New York Legislature finds the Hughes program substantially enacted the Governor will be in a position that will make him a very satisfactory substitute in case the people fail to rise to Taft with the hoped-for enthusiasm.

Senator Bourne of Oregon, who was the unlucky host at the dinner at which the "five-million-dollar plot" was hatched, insists that President Roosevelt must be drafted into service again. He thinks that "a great crisis now confronts this country." The reactionaries are trying to seize the Government, and to defeat their diabolical designs the people must command Mr. Roosevelt to accept the nomination for "a second elective term." Not a third term, it is to be observed. The Senator thinks that the President could no more disobey such a command than he could refuse to serve if he were drafted in war.

On the Democratic side a timid attempt to develop a conservative candidate by appealing to Southern pride has been withered in the bud. The suggestion that the time has come to nominate a Southern man has met with the general response that while the fact that a man lives in the South is no longer a bar to his ambition, the Democratic nomination for 1908 is already mortgaged to William Jennings Bryan. A canvass of the Democratic National Committee by the New York "Times" discloses no dissent from this view. Mr. Clark Howell of Georgia, when asked whether the Demo-

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crats of his State would favor the nomination of a candidate from the South, responded: "Not against Bryan next time. They believe him to be the logical candidate." Mr. Josephus Daniels, the committeeman from North Carolina, said that the Democrats he represented would not consider a sectional matter in naming a candidate for the Presidency. They wanted Bryan, who was stronger with them than ever. Nobody mentioned Mr. Hearst.



A YEAR AFTER THE FIRE

San Francisco celebrates her incredible recovery and her brilliant prospects

ON Thursday, April 18, San Francisco celebrated the first anniversary of the great earthquake and fire. Services were held in the churches, the labor unions held commemorative exercises, and the Merchants' Association had a banquet in the superb Fairmont Hotel, which had looked down upon the sea of flame from the top of Nob Hill, and which was formally opened for business on the anniversary. The City Hall dome was ablaze with lights, the illuminated streets were hung with bunting, and carnival crowds thronged the walks.

The city had ample reason for rejoicings. When it lay in ashes prophets of evil had not been lacking to say that it could never be rebuilt, that people would not risk their lives again on its shaken site, that its trade would go to other seaports, and that the best it could hope was to be a town of wooden shacks for twenty years to come. Now, notwithstanding every sort of discouragement, with labor unions warning workmen away, with thieves in office levying toll upon every stroke of reconstruction work, the bold lines of a metropolis incomparably greater than the old have already been sketched in. The fire swept the old business district and forced trade to camp temporarily in what had been a residence belt. Now business is rapidly recovering its old ground, and at the same time is not letting go of the new. Van Ness Avenue, formerly a street of luxurious homes, is now, and seems destined to remain, a fashionable shopping thoroughfare. But the blocks of four and five-story brick buildings down-town are being replaced by skyscrapers of steel, stone, concrete, and terra cotta. Of three hundred blocks burned it is estimated that at least half have been roofed over. The population of the city is believed to be as great as it was before the fire, and this despite the fact of an enormous growth in the suburbs. The bank clearings and the general volume of business are greater. The clearings for the year ending April 11, 1907, including the fire period when most of the banks were closed for a month, exceeded those for the prosperous year 1905 by a hundred and twelve million dollars. Wages are higher and prosperity more widely diffused. Building is going on at the rate of seventy-five million dollars a year, and fifty thousand men are at work in the building trades, at wages in some cases forty per cent higher than before the fire.

San Francisco boasts that she can offer "the certainty of at least five years of business boom, with two jobs for every man, and two demands for every stick and pound of material." Real estate prices are higher than before the fire. The imports for the seven months succeeding the fire exceeded those for the corresponding seven months of the preceding year by one-fourth. It is confidently predicted that within two or three years there will be no trace of the fire except an advance of twenty years in the character of the buildings in the burnt district, and that the city will have a million inhabitants by 1915. And there is reason to believe that long before that time it will have an honest government.

MORALS FOR LAWYERS

The legal profession is gradually acquiring a code of public ethics



THE old complacent satisfaction of lawyers with the moral standards of their profession has given way to a nervous anxiety that is manifested whenever two or three members of the bar are gathered together for mutual confidences. Some characteristic examples of the present tendencies of legal thought were given on April 21 by Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court and Dean Kirchwey of the Columbia Law School before the Society for Ethical Culture in New York. Justice Brewer laid down the principle: "Society owes to every one of its members justice, and the lawyer is the appointed agent to secure that result." From this it followed that society could not call upon a lawyer "to be dishonest and play the scoundrel to secure his client justice and vindication." "A verdict won by a lie," the Justice added, "is a disgrace to the counsel. Such a success is really a defeat." Describing a capitalist, who, although unnamed, would be readily recognized at No. 26 Broadway, he told how this financier had acted apparently on the theory that whatever was not positively prohibited by statute was morally right, and how in selecting legal advisers he had sought those who could steer him as close as possible to the limits of the law. "As against this," exclaimed Justice Brewer, "I appeal for a higher standard of professional ethics. I appeal to every lawyer to put his heart alongside his head, to mix his conscience with his brains. Let him have the courage to say to his client: 'It may be legal, but it is dishonest, and I will have nothing to do with it.'"

Dean Kirchwey was apologetic, venturing the opinion that the public had two standards of morals, one for use and the other for ornament, one for lawyers and the other for the members of other professions. But he admitted that it was right to hold the lawyer to a stricter account than others. "He who has molded the law into a weapon for the defense of the individual must recast it into a weapon for the defense of society. Having created a new race of strong men, he must curb them that they do not be-

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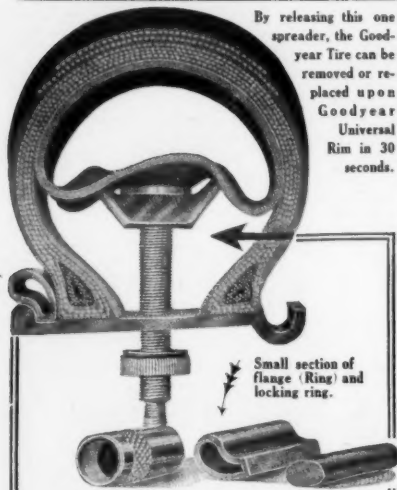


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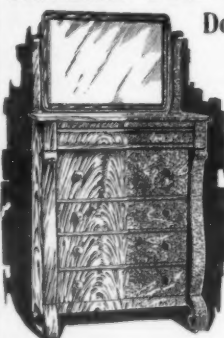
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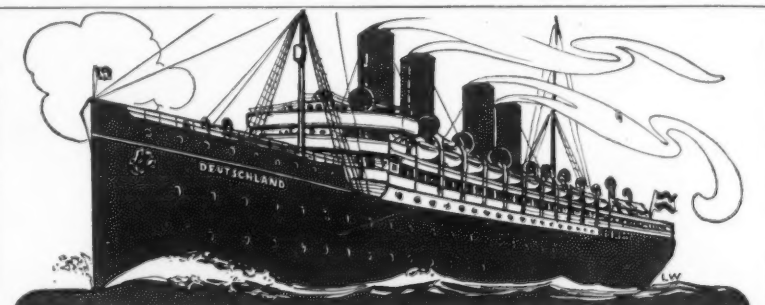
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THE PEACE CONGRESS

Harmonious principles emerge from three days of excited debate

THE great Arbitration and Peace Congress in New York ended its deliberations with the adoption of a set of resolutions urging the transformation of the Hague Conference into a permanent institution, with representatives from all nations meeting periodically for the regular and systematic consideration of international problems. The resolutions further set forth that the Hague Court should be open to all the nations of the world; that a general treaty of arbitration providing for the reference of international disputes to that court should be drafted by the coming conference; that the conference should adopt the principle of the exemption from capture of private property at sea, and that decided action should be taken toward limiting the burden of armaments. There was also an indorsement of the principle adopted by the Interparliamentary Union at the instance of Mr. Bryan, according to which in case of disputes that could not be embraced within the terms of an arbitration treaty, the disputing parties before resorting to force shall always invoke the services of an international commission of inquiry or the mediation of one or more friendly Powers. An interesting incident of the closing hours of the Congress was the investiture of Mr. Carnegie with the cross of a Commander of the Legion of Honor in testimony of the appreciation by the French Government and people of his services to the cause of peace. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who made the presentation, said that Mr. Carnegie was now not only a citizen of America but a citizen of France, and of the world.

CRITICS TAKING HEART

Some venture treasonable words about the master of the White House



NOW that Senator Foraker has led the way, the persons who dislike President Roosevelt are plucking up courage to speak their minds. Mr. Frederick Weyerhaeuser, who has relieved the Government in various ways of several million acres of timber lands and is said by some to be richer than John D. Rockefeller, expressed the opinion on April 17 that while the President had undertaken his policy toward the railroads and other corporations with the best intentions, he had been "a trifle meddlesome." Mr. Weyerhaeuser thought the railroads and everybody else, timber monopolists not specified but naturally included, should obey the law, but he thought it unfortunate that the corporations had been "forced to adopt more conservative methods and discontinue some of their extension work."

Mr. J. W. Wadsworth, late of Congress, but now, thanks to President Roosevelt, simply of Genesee, New York, is less guarded in his expressions. Mr. Wadsworth defended the meat packers against certain inspection legislation which the White House thought necessary, and his long public service came to an abrupt end the first time his constituents had a chance to express their views on the subject. This statesman says now that the President is "unreliable, a fakir, and a humbug," who has indulged in lofty sentiments for years, and now "violates them all for the sake of gratifying a petty spite," and that "the country is fast awakening to the real character of this bloody hero of Kettle Hill." These are words after a Rough Riding Executive's own heart. Mr. Wadsworth's present grievance is the fact that some of his friends have been removed from office, in violation, as he holds, of civil service reform principles, to make room for men recommended by his Congressional successor.

THE BRITISH BUDGET

Reduced income tax, increased death duties, and a promise of old-age pensions



HOW far England has progressed beyond the United States in the direction of social experiments may be realized from the fact that the budget introduced on April 18 by Mr. Asquith, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, is generally called a "middle-class budget," and has been denounced by Mr. Keir Hardie, the labor leader, as a "brutal budget," because of its extreme moderation. Yet Mr. Bryan has never ventured to propose a fiscal program so radical as this which British conservatism welcomes and British radicalism denounces. And the British budget is not a mere theoretical platform but an actual scheme of legislation, which is to be put into effect at once.

The income tax which the American conservatives killed in the Supreme Court was two per cent. The present income tax in England is five per cent. Mr. Asquith proposes to retain this rate on all unearned incomes, and on all incomes of any kind of over \$10,000 a year, but to reduce it to

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three and three-quarters per cent on earned incomes under \$10,000. To make up for this reduction he will revise the death duties, leaving the minimum at five per cent as at present, and raising the rate by a sliding scale until estates of \$15,000,000 and over will pay ten per cent on the first five millions and fifteen per cent on the rest. Thus, if Mr. Rockefeller should take up his residence in England to avoid annoyance in the American courts, and should die leaving an estate of \$500,000,000, his heirs would have to pay the British Government a tax of \$74,750,000.

The thing that particularly angers Mr. Keir Hardie and his followers is the fact that the Government has not immediately instituted a scheme of old-age pensions. But Mr. Asquith promises that such a scheme will be introduced next year, and he sets aside \$7,500,000 to be used for that purpose at that time. This, of course, will be only the minutest kind of a beginning. To establish old-age pensions on anything like a substantial scale will require expenditures running up into the hundreds of millions. Our experience in pensioning that small class of our population possessing claims under war service shows what could be expected under a general pension scheme.

The present government is fortunate enough to find its treasury overflowing with money. There is a surplus for the year of \$29,995,000, which means much more than the same amount would mean here, since British taxes are revised each year to make receipts and expenses balance. The overflow is to be applied toward the reduction of the national debt, and with the provision already made for that purpose it is estimated that England's load of obligations will be reduced by \$85,000,000 in the course of the year.

TOO POOR FOR CITY CARS

Chicago is not to be allowed to raise money for traction lines beyond her debt limit



THE Supreme Court of Illinois rendered a decision on April 18 that would have had disastrous effects if the election just before had turned out differently. It held that the "Mueller law certificates," of which ex-Mayor Dunne proposed to issue \$75,000,000 worth to buy and equip the street-car lines, were invalid because Chicago had already reached her constitutional debt limit. The constitution of Illinois forbids any city to borrow more than five per cent of its assessed valuation. Chicago's debt was up to the limit when she became fired with the ambition to own her traction lines, but it occurred to her that if private capitalists could finance traction systems on the security of their property and franchises, the city ought to be able to do the same. The Mueller law undertook to escape the constitutional barrier by providing for the issue of certificates which should be a lien solely on the street-car lines, and not on the city's general credit. It provided that in case of default in the payment of principal or interest the holders of the certificates might foreclose, and the purchasers of the properties would acquire not only the car lines but a franchise to run them for twenty years.

The court held that while there was no liability upon the city to pay the certificates, its property, namely, the use of its streets, was pledged for twenty years as security, and that this pledge constituted an indebtedness within the meaning of the constitution. If the only property mortgaged had been that bought with the money raised by issuing the securities, then, according to the court, the certificates would not have run against the debt limit, but the streets were part of the resources already possessed by the city as the foundation of its general credit, and they could not be incumbered without encountering the constitutional prohibition. The curious conclusion is thus reached that while Chicago, as the "Record-Herald" puts it, "may give away its streets on almost any terms to speculators like Yerkes, who was able to issue a notoriously excessive amount of stocks and bonds on the strength of his possession of public property," "the public itself is denied a just and rational use of the same security."

The decision does not interfere with the rehabilitation of the traction system under the present ordinances, and before the question of municipal ownership again becomes acute a legal way may be found to obtain the necessary money. Possibly the debt limit may be raised through an honest assessment of property.

APPEALS FOR CRIMINALS

England wants them while America is trying to get rid of them



NOTWITHSTANDING the severe British comments upon the scandal of the Thaw trial, as contrasted with the summary methods of criminal justice in England, satisfaction with those methods is so far from being complete that a bill has been introduced in Parliament on behalf of the Government, creating a Court of Criminal Appeal on the American plan. The right of appeal in matters of law is to be unqualified; in matters of fact the new court is to have full discretion. The Government was stimulated to action by the case of Rayner, who was tried and convicted of the murder of Whitely in five hours, sentenced to death, and then had his sentence commuted by the Home Secretary. In introducing the Appeal bill the Attorney-General said that justice had blundered, that "enterprising newspapers had rushed in where jurists feared to tread," and that "retrial by newspaper had taken the place of a rehearing before a judicial tribunal." The bill was introduced on April 17, and passed its first reading the same day. Thus England, hitherto without any criminal appeal, and America with too much, are moving toward each other, and may eventually unite on a system that will avoid the evils of both extremes.

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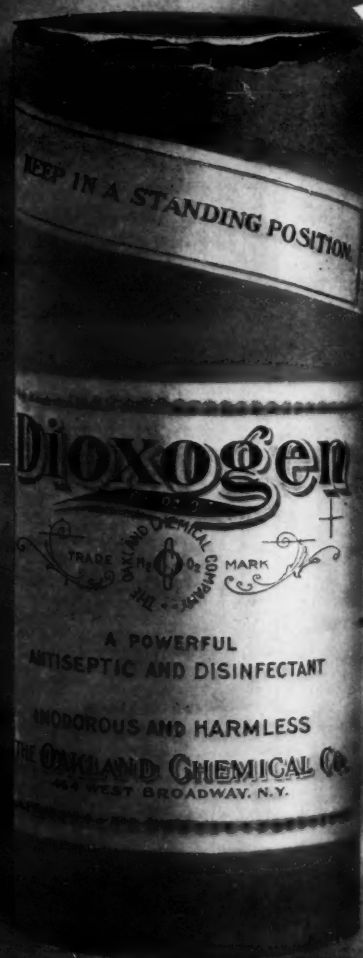
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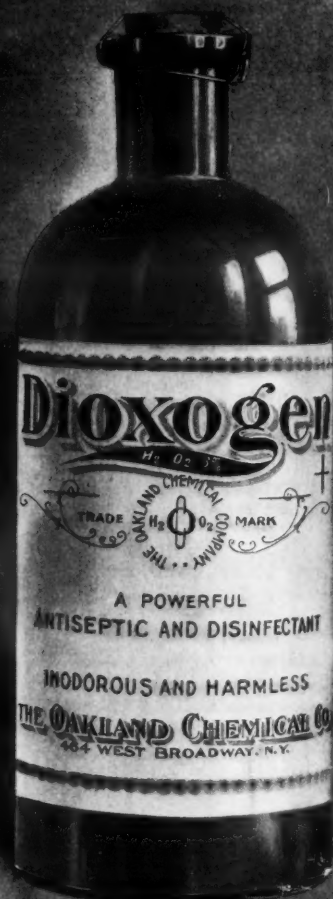
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INFERIOR peroxides of hydrogen have long traded upon the DIOXOGEN reputation. DIOXOGEN is the original pure Hydrogen Peroxide—the kind that keeps. The new Pure Food and Drugs Law protects you from imitations and substitutes, which now must print upon their label the quantity of acetanilid which they contain, and so can easily be detected. DIOXOGEN does not contain acetanilid, salicylic acid, hydrofluoric acid, boracic acid, or any other adulterant. When you want the genuine, the original, purest peroxide of hydrogen, do not ask merely for “peroxide,” ask for DIOXOGEN. See that you get the sealed package. To some dealers it may be necessary to say more than “please,” but insist and you will get DIOXOGEN.

The Tooth Brush Can Never Produce Such Cleanliness

You brush your teeth? You think they are clean? Would you like to KNOW? Rinse your mouth with DIOXOGEN and notice the foaming as the food particles, tartar deposits, and other impurities are oxidized. At each repetition of the test, the foaming becomes less. It ceases when the mouth, the teeth, the gums, and the tongue are antiseptically clean. The tooth brush can never produce such cleanliness. Observe how delightfully clean and sweet the mouth tastes in the morning if DIOXOGEN is used before retiring.

DIOXOGEN is sold everywhere in sealed packages (fac-simile of which is pictured above). Three convenient sizes at popular prices.

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Cream of Wheat

*A dainty breakfast A delightful luncheon
A delicious dessert*

The World Takes Off Its Hat to Oliver No. 5



The World loves a Winner.

Here's one that won over every typewriter under the sun.

It's the New Oliver No. 5.

Hats off to the victorious Oliver!

The new Oliver is the first to reach the goal of typewriter perfection.

While other typewriter makers rested on their laurels, the Oliver Typewriter Company's corps of mechanical experts were bending every energy to the task of making a new world's record.

The splendid result, the wonderful new Oliver Model No. 5, represents the highest achievement of typewriter invention.

Speed possibilities have been vastly increased. Time and labor-saving features hitherto unknown have been perfected. Years of durability have been added.

Simplicity has been reduced to its lowest terms.

Efficiency has reached its utmost limits.

Not until Oliver Model No. 5 was absolutely perfect down to the minutest detail—not until we were fully prepared by increasing our factory capacity to meet the enormous demand for it—was news of the coming wonder permitted to reach the outside world.

A brief resume of its commanding advantages must suffice.

The Oliver Disappearing Indicator is the only device on any typewriter for indicating the exact visible printing point at time of stroke.

The Oliver Balance Shift Mechanism gives the new model a fifty per cent advantage over all other shift key machines.



The Oliver Line Ruling Device, the Oliver Non-Vibrating Base, the Oliver Automatic Paper Feed, and scores of additional improvements that make for accuracy and speed, are found only on Model No. 5.

Every employer, every operator, every business executive interested in raising the standard of efficiency in all departments, should write for catalogue giving full details of this wonderful typewriter.

Extra Men Wanted At Once!

Unprecedented demand for the new model necessitates the employment of extra salesmen immediately.

Good salaries and permanent positions to men of character and ability. We train our men FREE in The Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
149 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

THE MAY CENTURY



Begins a series of articles that every American will want to read,—articles that throw a new light on the most interesting figure of American history, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. During the four years of the Civil War, President Lincoln spent more of his waking hours in the War Department telegraph office than in any other place except the White House. Several times a day his tall, homely form, with a gray plaid shawl over his shoulders, could be seen crossing the White House lawn. Again, in the evening, before retiring, he would come for the latest news, for in those days the Executive Mansion was not connected by telegraph with the outside world.

David Homer Bates, Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator from 1861 to 1866, tells the story, and in it you will find much that is new regarding the great leaders of the War,—stories of McClellan that will surprise those who think they know all about McClellan—how great bribes were offered for reports which would affect the stock market—how Lincoln bore himself, leaning over the desks of the operators to catch the news of victories and of defeats.

Read this first article in the May Century, and you will read them all.

Have you seen the wonderful portraits in color by Sigismond de Ivanowski which The Century is printing, each one worth the price of the magazine? Some are portraits of stage characterizations of the day, some of heroines of fiction. In May is a marvelous realization of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

Read "Ballooning by Moonlight," in the May Century, the narrative of a woman's trip over the Apennines; read Thomas Nelson Page's clean-cut little essay on "Jamestown," with its tribute to Capt. John Smith; read the illuminating article on "Railway Disasters at Night," with its suggestions for better safety devices.

There are six complete stories, besides the two serial novels that everybody is reading—"Come and Find Me," by Elizabeth Robins, and Mrs. Burnett's "The Shuttle," "the story which is stirring both sides of the Atlantic."

The summer numbers of the Century will be notable,—July, "Fiction Number," August, "Midsummer Holiday Number." Why not subscribe for the half year, beginning with May and get them—and all the Lincoln articles? Two dollars, and address changed as often as desired.

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are used by all star back-stops in both American and National Leagues, as well as the prominent catchers in Minor League and College Teams. The arrangement of padding and extra deep hollow holds the ball fast. 25 cents to \$3.00 each. Every Mitt is guaranteed and bears our Trade-mark.

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The official guide of the American League. Schedules, scores, records, averages of players and other matters of Base Ball interest. Also history and photos of 1906 World's Series. 10 cents at dealers' or by mail.

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